

The TATLER

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Dec. 28, 1932REGISTERED AS A
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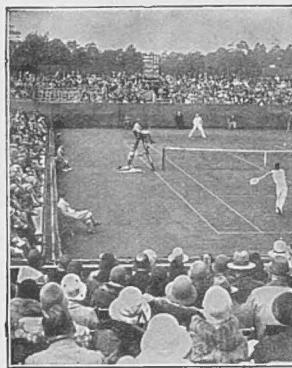
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The TATLER



VOL. CXXVI. No. 1644. London, December 28, 1932



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Price One Shilling



TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY: LADY MARY CARNEGIE

Lady Mary Carnegie's wedding to Lieut.-Commander Edward Michael Conolly Abel Smith, R.N., takes place to-day, December 28, at St. Andrew's Church, Brechin. The bride is the younger of the two daughters of the Earl and Countess of Southesk, and the bridegroom is the second son of Mr. Eustace Abel Smith of Longhills, Lincoln. One of Lord Southesk's seats, Kinnaird Castle, is at Brechin, Angus. Lord Carnegie, the heir, married the Princess Maud, daughter of the late Princess Royal.

Photographs by Yevonde, Victoria Street

THE LETTERS OF EVE



A RECENT WORTLEY HALL HOUSE PARTY

Ethel Eadon

Wortley is Lord Wharncliffe's Yorkshire seat, a good bit out from the place where they make the razors and knives, Sheffield. The names in the picture are: Back row—Col. Diggle, Mr. Purdey (who was a guardsman and whose brother, Jim, also a "gun-man" was in the 12th Lancers), Sir Paul Latham, Miss Chapman, Lord Wharncliffe; middle row—Mr. Nigel Seely, Mrs. Rimington Wilson, Mr. Howard Langton, Captain Wentworth, and Captain Rimington Wilson; in front—Mrs. Howard Langton and Lady Wharncliffe.

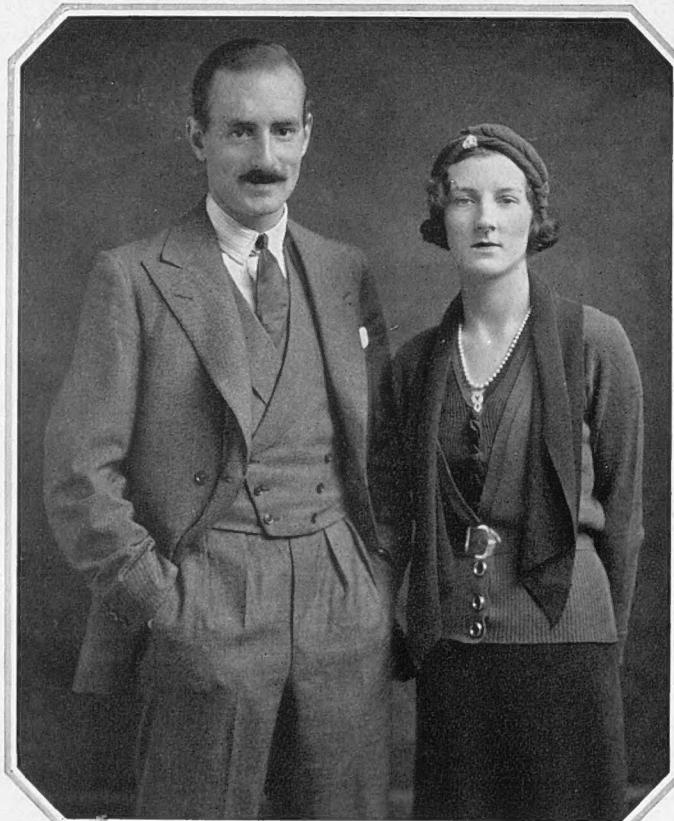
GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

MY DEAR,—A Happy New Year. I'm early, but it's a case of either that or else too late. There's something magnificent—don't you think—about that traditional, undefeated optimism of our race which not only prompts us to make this wish at the beginning of every year, but leads us firmly to believe and hope that brighter and better things are in store for all of us once the old year has gone its way.

* * *

Well, I wonder what 1933 will bring forth. Besides income tax demands, political and economic crises, fresh batches of débutantes and social climbers, weddings, and divorces, and all the rest of the changing or unchanging routine to which we have now become so much accustomed. Possibly one of the things we can look forward to is the wholesale spread of the snowball idea. It has already been exploited with great success in the launching of Pug's Club in Hertford Street.

Lady Cecil Douglas, the very attractive and charming wife of Lord Queensberry's younger brother, is the enterprising person responsible both for the club and for the idea. The club itself should supply a



LORD AND LADY GRENFELL

Speaight

A recent picture of a popular bride and bridegroom of 1932—a year to which most of us will be very glad to kiss good-bye. Lord and Lady Grenfell were married only last July, and she was then Miss Betty Shaughnessy and is a step-daughter of Colonel the Hon. Piers Legh, equerry to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who was present at the wedding.



MRS. TONY BELLVILLE AND BELINDA—HER DAUGHTER

Swaebe

Mrs. Tony Bellville is daughter of Lady Windham and a daughter-in-law of Mr. Frank Bellville of Papillon, one of the best-known houses in all Leicestershire. It is in the Fernie country, but naturally quite handy for the Quorn and some others.

long-felt want, for both food and drink are sold at cut prices ranging down to the humble bob. And I certainly enjoyed the opening lunch party, where I found, among others, Lady Phyllis Allen, Lady Queensberry, Mrs. Giles Sebright, and Princess Rospiglioso. The Princess is an interesting creature with a magnetic personality, and includes numerology among her many hobbies. She is an American, and if she takes on a share of the responsibility of running this club it should do well, for it was she who ran New York's Embassy Club so successfully for several years.

* * *

The club has many spare rooms in reserve so that it can enlarge its premises as its membership grows. But they may not be adequate if the snowball system of member-getting is anything like as successful as the snowball system of note-case selling. You become a member for a guinea. Then for each new member, after the first two that you rope in, you

get back five shillings. So for six and a quarter new members your own subscription is paid.

* * *

It seems a grand idea, and one which will, perhaps, be adopted by quite a few of the other clubs. The Marlborough, for instance—famous for its small exclusive membership. After all, this is a time of youth, change, upheaval, and progress. Who knows but that some of the younger or more impoverished members might not welcome expansion on such lines. A sliding scale of bonuses according to rank and proud totals of soaring membership published monthly like the circulation figures of enterprising and successful newspapers. Stranger visions have materialized. But the possible opposition would, I fear, defy my powers of imagination or description.

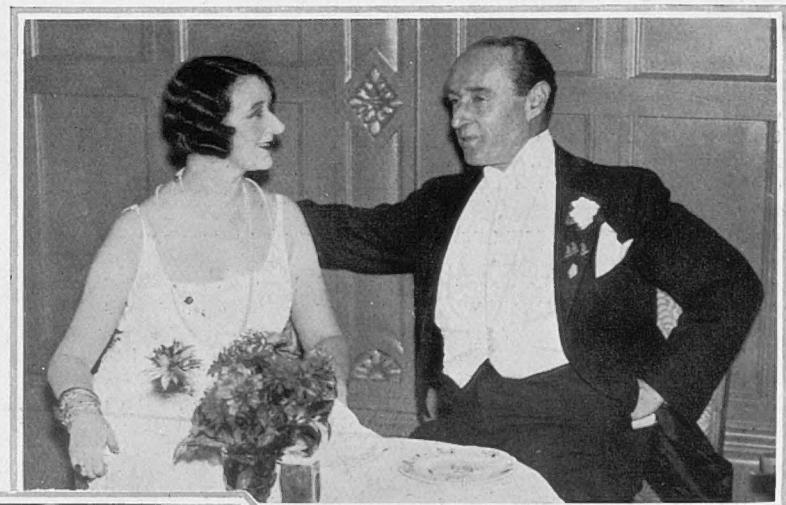
* * *

In New York the tendency seems to be the other way. It will cost members 1,000 dollars down plus 100 dollars monthly dues to belong to the Intown Country Club which is being opened in the spring.

The American paper, "Variety," describes it as "chiefly Park Avenue in its social promotion," and I hear that Mr. Cole Porter, who brightened so many of our Venice summers by his hospitality at the huge Palazzo Papadopoli on the Grand Canal, is taking a special interest in it.

* * *

The club house is the one which used to belong to Mrs. Marshall Field in East 70th Street. The forty to fifty bedrooms and bath-rooms will all be made over into spacious and luxurious "dining, lounge, and play-rooms." And the large, formal garden which runs right through to the next block is to be converted into a



AT THE OWL BALL: LADY DALRYMPLE-CHAMPNEYS AND MR. DANIEL FITTE

Lady Greer organized this ball, which was held at Claridge's at the request of the Princess Marie Louise, and it was in aid of the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital (Princess Marie Louise New Wing). It was as brilliant a success socially as it was financially. Lady Dalrymple-Champneys is the wife of Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys and recently organized that successful function, "The Ball of the Season."



Swaebe
A "GAINSBOROUGH"
PICTURE IN THE
PARK

Lady Maureen Noel and her two little brothers, the Earl of Gainsborough and the Hon. Gerard Noel. The late Lord Gainsborough died in 1927, and the present Earl was born in 1923

Road, which contains some really beautiful pictures and boiseries, but her lease has now come to an end. Mrs. Stanley Smith herself, who is a very bright little hostess, has left for Paris, where she means to remain for some time.

* * *

Talking of Americans, Mrs. Mabel Corey, who has just returned to Claridge's, is one of the most generous and entertaining of her country-women and thought by many to bear a strong resemblance to Lady Cunard, with whom she has been seen at many charity shows this autumn. Up to now she has been living in Mrs. Stanley Smith's house in Avenue

some really beautiful pictures and boiseries, but her lease has now come to an end. Mrs. Stanley Smith herself, who is a very bright little hostess, has left for Paris, where she means to remain for some time.

* * *

Mrs. Ormond Lawson Johnston is another hostess from the U.S.A. who spares no pains to brighten London. Never a week goes by without her giving a couple of lunches and dinner parties, and she takes great care just how to mix and how not to mix her invitations. How few master that difficult and necessary art. But Mrs. Lawson Johnston has many of the attributes which go to make a successful hostess, not the least of which is her gift as a raconteuse. She never fails to entertain her guests with charming little anecdotes about her great friends, the Prince of Wales and Prince George. Her love and admiration for her adopted country is symbolized by the Christmas card she sent out this year, a magnificent all-in view of the Houses of Parliament and the Thames taken from the south side.

(Continued overleaf)



WITH THE HEYTHROP AT BLENHEIM

The senior Master, Major Denis St. G. Daly, the Duke of Marlborough, Miss Daly, Mrs. Dillon, and Mrs. Michael Mason of Eynsham, which is another of the Heythrop's favourite fixtures. Major Daly is one of the best beloved personalities in the entire hunting world, and he lives for these Heythrop hounds and has done magnificent work in the kennel.

There are few better or better-looking packs in the hound list

THE LETTERS OF EVE—*continued*

Pre-Christmas happenings seem rather far away now, but the excitement which Lord Carisbrooke created as a charity-concert singer has not yet died down. I had always been told that he had a very good voice, but I had not heard him until the night when Lady Glentanar lent her house in Hill Street for a concert to help The Friends of the Poor, and then I realized that it was true. He sang both French and English songs, and his voice is a most pleasing baritone and very well produced.



A BELVOIR PICTURE: LORD LONDES-BOROUGH AND COLONEL F. G. D. COLMAN, THE M.F.H.

On the day they met at the Cranwell Aerodrome and got hung up by the fog for a long time. The Commandant, Air Vice-Marshal Longmore, was out, and eventually they had a bit of fun. Colonel Colman is a most popular and successful Belvoir Master

James's Palace on the matter of the proper seating of their guests. They seem to forget that a diplomat, however familiar a friend, is the representative of his country in whatever country he is *en poste*, and that if he and his wife are not given their correct precedence, which is above all our peers and peeresses, it is an insult, not to them, but to their country. Many diplomats prefer to ignore such lapses, rather than make a fuss, when they occur in private houses. But in public—in a restaurant—most of them would feel compelled to leave unfed. Some hostesses are a little hazy, too, on the honour which is due to foreigners.

Sir John Leigh was one of the few to undertake a house party within a week of Christmas. But his was for the double event of the Hampshire Hunt Ball and the return of his daughter, Miss Marjorie Leigh, from the nursing home where she went to recover from a nervous breakdown. And having a party of guests, who included Sir Anthony Weldon and Colonel and Mrs. Portman, he arranged a shoot for them. Witley Park, Sir John's place near Godalming, has one feature which must be almost if not quite unique. In the grounds there is a lake. And underneath the lake, approached by an underground passage, there is a room with a glass roof. Just how much you enjoy the sight of fishes swimming and mouthing above your head depends, of course, on how well you dined and wined the previous night.

Mrs. Somerset Maugham achieved new fame last week, for few hostesses can confess to having kept Royalty waiting for them either in their own homes or out of them. This is what happened. Mrs. Maugham, after having turned her beautiful house into a sort of Christmas fairyland with snow-

covered trees and great sprays of white and silver flowers held together by chains of frosted silver pearls the size of oranges, went out to dinner. When she returned for her party she found to her dismay that three guests were already there, and that the first to arrive had been Prince George. But even a Prince with a far harder heart and with far less tact and charm than the King's youngest son would have refrained from adding to the obvious consternation of such a charming hostess.

It was a lovely party in every way. Many of the women wore white in honour of the occasion. I think the prize for decorativeness went to Lady Castlerosse in a white crêpe de chine frock fitting like a glove, and an immense ruffle of stiffened tulle round her shoulders. And others who looked specially well were Miss Dorothy Hyson, Miss Unity Mitford, who wore a tiara with a high-necked dress, and Lady Lindsay Hogg, who has taken to lengthening her eyes and eyebrows with a curiously Oriental effect. I thought Mrs. Maugham's powdered hair suited her remarkably well. She is a tireless hostess who knows how to look after her guests. Her parties always break up late, and Prince George was one of the very last to leave.

* * *

Prince George himself had a birthday the next day, and he celebrated it by giving a party in Lady Portarlington's house. It was a joint affair with her son, Lord Carlow, and a very jolly and successful affair, too. The home in Chesham Place is very pretty, and looked most festive with its Christmas decorations. Among the many lovelies to be seen were Mrs. Richard Norton, Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Lady Brownlow, who was looking more frail and more ethereal than I have ever seen her.

* * *

To-day the merry-go-round begins again after a brief rest. It will start at Brechin where Lady Mary Carnegie, Lord Carnegie's sister, is marrying Commander Conolly Abel Smith. This will be a real old-fashioned Highland wedding, and many people are going north for the event. Among them Lord and Lady Elgin, Lord and Lady Scone, and, of course, most of the bride's relations. But at the moment that I write it seems uncertain whether her sister-in-law, Lady Maud Carnegie, who had hoped to spend Christmas at Elswick, will be well enough to go up and entertain the large party she had invited for the wedding.

* * *

From the number of remarks I have heard recently it seems to me that quite a number of the more ambitious hostesses would do well to consult the Ceremonial Department at St.

Now, of course, we start the hunt ball, and every other kind of country ball, season in real earnest. From a quiet beginning we work up to a dozen or so on Friday night, when the star turn will be the West Norfolk, for which the Birkbecks are lending their house near Swaffham. One of Friday's fixtures is the ball cabaret to be held in the Officers' Mess of the R.A.F. at Grantham, in aid of the Old War Horses Fund, organized by the ladies of the Belvoir and Blankney. Russian singers and Spanish dancers will contribute to the entertainment, which costs only 17s. 6d. a head.

—Yours ever,
EVE.



LORD AND LADY BURY AT THE INTERNATIONAL GUN DOG TRIALS

These working trials of the Sporting Spaniel Society were held at Quidenham, Norwich. Lord Bury, who was one of the numerous guns, is the Earl of Albemarle's son and heir

THE 'CHASE GAME:

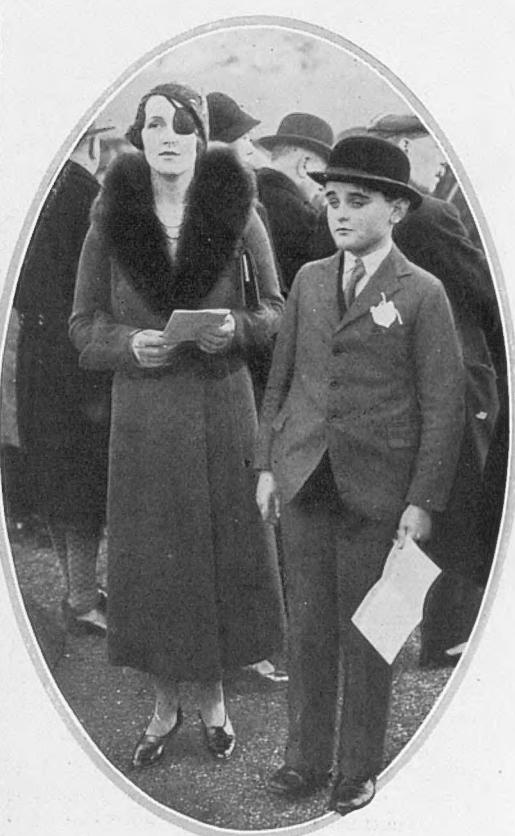


LORD AND LADY BLANDFORD



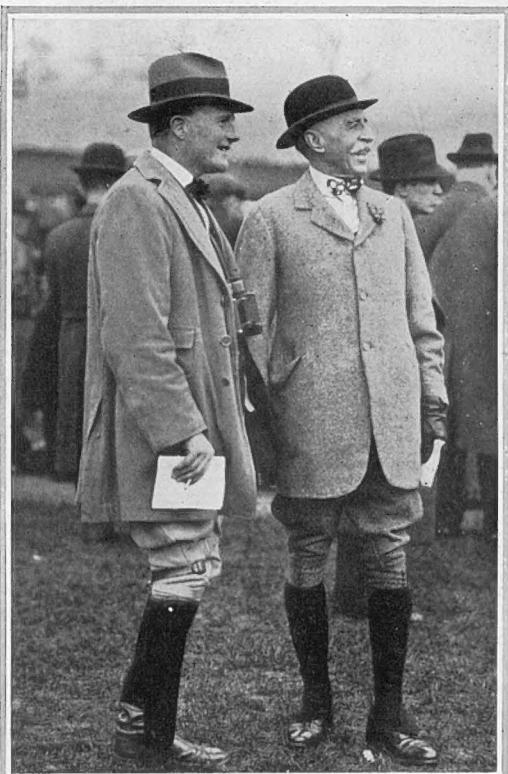
THE HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL LEADS IN PARTHENON (MR. PAYNE-GALLWEY UP)

DERBY'S VERSION



LADY HARRINGTON, M.F.H., AND HER SON

With admission prices reduced and the weather in a good mood the Derby December Meeting opened auspiciously. Lord Blandford had reason to be pleased, for his General McArthur won the first event on the card. The Elvaston 'Chase provided an unexpected victory for Mr. Cottrill's Parthenon, well ridden by Mr. Payne-Gallwey



COLONEL THE HON. GERALD FOLJAMBE AND (RIGHT) SIR WILLIAM FEILDEN



GOOD-HUMOURED LADIES

The Hon. Mrs. Prior-Palmer, Lady Zouche's daughter, with (right) the Hon. Mrs. Mountjoy Fane, whose three-year-old, Moorland, was second to General McArthur in the Longdon Selling Hurdle. Colonel Foljambe (see left) had two runners on the opening day. Sir William Feilden and Lord Huntingdon are regular patrons of Derby races, and Mrs. Hollins is one of the most knowledgeable and successful women owners of 'chasers'



TAKING A GOOD LOOK: LORD HUNTINGDON AND MRS. HOLLINS

THE CINEMA :

A Brilliant Film
By JAMES AGATE

IT had been my intention to write this week an account of the best films of the year. Indeed I got so far as to settle myself comfortably in my best armchair, light a cigar left over from an extra-generous luncheon-party, and open my lips in pontifical pronunciamento—when lo and behold, I found I could not remember anything about any films good, bad, or indifferent! There is something here which has been insufficiently remarked. In the theatre I can remember things that happened thirty and even forty years ago. I remember Irving dusting the snow off his boots in the first act of *The Bells*; Sarah dying ineffectually and smiling as though it really were the jolliest adventure; Janet Achurch saying: "Let me pass, please" when Dr. Rank made his really rather nasty proposal to Nora; Coquelin in *Cyrano de Bergerac* saying to Christian:—"Monte donc, animal!"; James Welch saying:—"You've hurt me" to the ring-master in *The New Clown*. But I could go on *ad infinitum*, and I suppose I remember something about every play since the War. Films with me are different; once seen they melt into thin air and leave not a wrack behind. I have a vivid recollection of at most some dozen films from the silent days, though these are fading. It is odd, by the way, that the film-actress whom I least remember is la Garbo. I seem to see her drooping by a lace window-curtain and looking strangely like Bernhardt. When it comes to the talkies I find my memory will yield very little except Jannings crowing like a cock, la Dietrich singing a music-hall ditty in a white top-hat, and Marie Dressler pretending to be as good an actress as our own Clare Greet. But of the much vaunted ladies drawing thousands of dollars a week I remember nothing at all and swear I could not tell Jeanette Macdonald from Joan Crawford, or Constance Bennett from Helen Twelvetrees. I cannot believe it possible that anybody ever having seen a really great actress, a Réjane, an Ellen Terry, a Mrs. Kendal, a Mrs. Patrick Campbell, could ever forget the *exact* impression that she made. In film-stars my difficulty is to recall the *kind* of impression I have received, if any. Vaguely Helen

Crawford and Janet Twelvetrees, Constance Macdonald and Joan Bennett remain in my mind as the kind of wife it would be nice to possess if one were allowed twenty wives. They moo and they ogle, and are coy about the spine in a way which would be very pleasant for half-an-hour every three weeks or so. But to live with any one of these enchantresses, to have all that charm fired at you point-blank and unceasingly whether you felt like it or not would, I think, be too much of a good thing, as the cat said on being inadvertently locked in over the week-end at a creamery. I admit that life with a great actress must be a pretty fair imitation of Hell, yet preferable in my view to a Heaven of indistinguishable insipidity. If, then, one cannot remember the film-stars, how can one possibly hope to remember the films in which they star? I should be very much interested to know whether anybody reading these lines could give a succinct account of the plot of any film featuring, say Bébé Daniels or Loretta Young.

And I should be still more interested to discover that these ladies themselves had any recollection of what their throes and paroxysms had been about.

So I am afraid that readers of THE TATLER seeking enlightenment as to the year's progress must find it in their own recollections. In the meantime let me call attention to the remarkable entertainment now provided at the Carlton Theatre. This consists of two films, the first *Hollywood Speaks* is a dull and boring affair about a young woman who is on the point of becoming a film-star when the wife of the director who is about to put her over shoots herself at both their feet. The voice of scandal then breathing o'er this ninny she resigns the screen and takes to love in a cottage with the journalist who has always loved her. It is possible that this tosh could be raised to something else with the help of any one of those film-stars whom I now see that I have foolishly despised. But Miss Genevieve Tobin is not a star and I think now never can be since before the film is over she looks fortyish and not very far removed from plain, whereas the essential condition of a star is that she shall maintain her glamour till the last shot. The film which follows, *Trouble in Paradise*, directed by the one and only Lubitsch, is another pair of shoes altogether. Speaking with my usual studied moderation I shall say that this is very nearly the best film in its drawing-room kind that I have ever seen. The story of crook and counter-crook is brilliantly sophisticated, and there is not a shot from beginning to end which does not tingle with wit. There is wit in the composition of the scenes, wit in the photography, the lighting, and everything that goes to make this a film as distinct from a photographed play. The handling has not the fantastication of René Clair, but then it is not intended to have; it remains on the plane of realism yet its mockery and gaiety entitle one to talk of *marivaudage*. The wit extends to the dialogue which is one continuous shimmer of delight, and for once in a way the luxury of the settings is both well-bred and convincing. Perhaps one

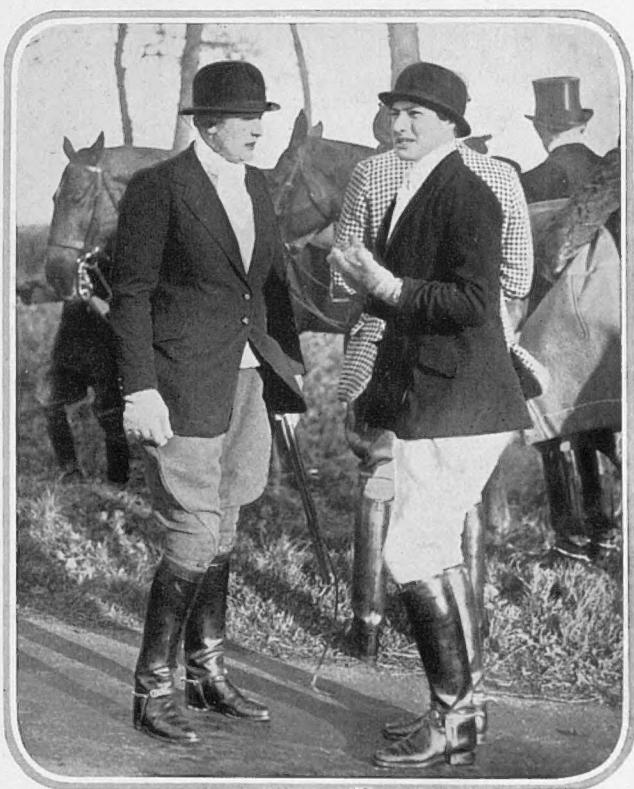


NANCY BROWN AND HARRY WELCHMAN IN
"THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS"

The film version of the famous musical comedy is due at the Regal this week. Renée Gadd and Betty Stockfeld are also in the cast, and the humorous parts are of course adequately dealt with by Gus MacNaughton and Wallace Lupino

of the most remarkable things about this film is the fact that music is playing throughout, and that the music chosen by Herr Lubitsch also has the sparkle of good breeding. It is beautifully acted, three of the performances constituting the best screen-acting in this kind that I have seen since Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne appeared in *The Guardsman*. Miss Kay Francis must be one of the most beautiful women on the screen, and the odd thing about her is that although a film-star of the first magnitude she also contrives to have the sparkle and conviction which are the property of breeding. In plain English she looks and talks like a lady, in strange contradiction to all those Hollywood beauties who are only perfect ladies. Miss Miriam Hopkins is a volcano of jollity in eruption, and it only remains to add that those who have only seen Mr. Herbert Marshall making bread-and-butter love in the tea-cups of the English legitimate stage can have no notion that there are circumstances in which he is easily the best light comedian of either stage or screen.

THE COTTESMORE IN THE PICTURE

LADY VICTORIA SCOTT AND
MRS. MICHAEL HORNBYCAPTAIN MITCHELL AND MRS. JAMES BAIRD
AND HER DAUGHTERMRS. JULIEN LEZARD AND
MRS. COLIN BUISTPART OF THE INFANTRY: MISS L. CLAYTON, MR. AND MRS. BURMAN,
AND MRS. STREETTHE HON. MRS. MOUNTJOY FANE AND
LADY PRISCILLA WILLOUGHBY

All the people in these pictures, taken when the Cottesmore were at the Leesthorpe Cross Roads, are very well known in the Leicestershire hunting world and with all the three packs which pivot on Melton—Quorn, Belvoir, and Cottesmore. Mrs. James Baird is the wife of the ex-Master of the Cottesmore, whose reign was such a successful one and did so much for the hunt in the kennel and out of it. Mr. James Baird never spared himself. The incoming Master, Mr. Hilton Green, has done the same and is furthermore almost the best amateur huntsman in all England. Mrs. Julien Lezard was formerly Lady Northland and is the mother of the present Viscount heir to the Earldom of Ranfurly. The Hon. Mrs. Mountjoy Fane is a sister-in-law of Lord Westmorland, and Lady Priscilla Willoughby is the younger of Lord and Lady Ancaster's hard-riding daughters. With this open weather, foot and mouth disappearing, and scent (as a rule) serving well, most packs are having the time of their lives

A Leicestershire Letter

Monday from Willoughby with the Quorn was adequately even if euphemistically described in the daily papers as "uneventful."

Wednesday with the Belvoir from Buckminster was a cracker. Finding in the park they ran all out to Coston covert, which was so full of hounds and foxes that four or five of the latter got squeezed out. Killing their first fox, they again went away, best pace for Bescaby, took a turn round Sproxton, and back to Coston, where they killed. Hounds were practically running away from the horses, even Antinora on her best, and that's saying a mouthful. Reggie on an unfit one was heard praying aloud for Coston to come in sight, his prayer being answered by an all-fired ender, just as a sporting American sailed by, puce in the face, declaring his horse had but two "gaits." Presumably this was one of the 1928 models which could only tick over or go full throttle to get flying speed. Too much praise cannot be given to our stretcher-bearer squad led by a General late of The Brigade. Seeing one of our fairest writhing in anguish with, as she thought, a broken back, they made for the road and reappeared carrying a gate made up with horse clothing, motor cushions, and rugs-like Cleopatra's palanquin, just in time to meet the victim cantering along smoking. As an example to second horsemen they "smilingly" replaced the gate. The Prince of Nepal's star wasn't shining, as he injured his collar-bone on this only his second day out. The Quorn on Friday were foiled at every point by people standing in roads, cur dogs, and everything that could go wrong. The Cottesmore meeting again at Oxey Farm, again ran out of their country nearly to the Coplow, but the return invasion from John o' Gaunt towards Owston fizzled out. What a lot all the surrounding packs owe to that grand fox preserver, Mr. Hartley, at the Coplow, whose foxes no doubt stray out to the smaller coverts and are hunted back. On Saturday again the Cottesmore ran hard all day, finishing up with a flat-out gallop from the Cottage plantation to ground at Ranksboro! The Belvoir couldn't find for a long time and there was no scent when they did. I think Bateman has drawn the man who got into the Royal Enclosure in a suit of dittoes, but his imagination wouldn't stretch as far as one of the Belvoir Committee appearing in a *pot hat*. Punishment is a divine right and Allah required him by making him lose it as soon as hounds got away. Christmas falls on a Sunday! Happy Christmas.

From the Heythrop

Another Christmas Day has been and gone, and once again the weather prophets were wrong in their forecast of snow falling on this festive day, but it was on the cards all the same. The only thing that feels at all old-fashioned is our well-filled inside, but we are hoping for another week of good sport to put paid to the good-liver's liver. Monday at Churchill was a delightful day as every taste was catered for. There was jumping for those who wanted to jump and roads for those who didn't. One of our young thrusters performed a remarkable feat in jumping on a duck; in making this statement we are not referring to any of our fair followers, but to a common-or-garden quack-quack; we understand that no claim will be made to the poultry fund until after the inquest. Friday, at Bourton Bridge, although a very poor day's sport, was rich in incidents. There was a large field out including the major's eldest daughter and her husband, "just up from Zummerset." In the case of the young American lady who hurt her hand on a swinging gate, we believe it was really due to

From the Shires and Provinces

absent-mindedness, as she held out her hand thinking the gate was "pleased to meet you." The gentleman from Bourton who was refused off at a wall should join our pony club as it would be a splendid thing to teach the Young.

From the Fernie

Frost having vanished, the secluded village of Willoughby Waterless awakened to pleasing noises—horses and hounds—on Monday. The cheerful gathering welcomed several fox-chasers from a distance, Lady Alexandra Haig amongst others who makes a periodical appearance. With motor outposts in advance, which, by the way, is having a good effect, we trotted on to Ashby, and on the way hither a fox was hollaed away from Gwens. It was a question of who should catch him first. Hounds were victorious and killed in the Whetstone Valley. A short dart which settled a few and bowled over one innocent female who collided in the get-away rush. The lady on the spirited chestnut had a lively *quart d'heure*, but subsequently became mistress of the situation. A splendid twenty minutes from Charlie's Gorse to Countesthorpe was the event of the day, taking us over a stiffish country. Seven loose horses were visioned at one time. The fetish of the chimney sweep seemed to appeal to Lord Cromwell; anyway we had a good day's sport. Despite a wet and stormy morning there was a strong muster at New Inn on Thursday—a convenient centre. The "Lions' Den" from Bosworth, which unfolded four horses, was reminiscent of Bertram Mills. A gallop over the Skeffington Vale, behind an outlier found at Rolleston, finished in a rain storm at Tamboro, where the fox got in a too pressing field spoiling his chance of getting out again.

From the Cheshire

There seems to have been very little hunting worth recording this week. Tuesday being a hill day very few turned out; hounds, however, had one good dart into the open through Gregory's Wood, pointing for the vale, which ended all too soon, and then marked their fox to ground after crossing the railway by Crimes Lane. Thursday, from what we hear, must have been quite a good day in the Littledale's country; the hunt from Pickin's Wood, by Warmingham and Ocklestone to The Manor Old Gorse must have been the best.

Judging by some of the wreckage which appeared at Saughton on Saturday the Farmers' Hunt Ball on Friday was undoubtedly a great success; more than one ball-dancer complained of pains in the shoulders, spots before the eyes, and an intense desire to wear spats. Again in the stormiest of weather and scent, even worse than the previous day, a most disappointing day's sport followed; but late in the afternoon hounds managed to account for one, having circled several times between the horse pastures and the drives. We were pleased to see Ralph out again. He has had the misfortune to have been *hors de combat* all the season. The week ended with a more than super dance at Eaton, which everyone enjoyed on Saturday.

From the York and Ainsty

Tuesday (December 13) at Moor Monkton brought out, as usual, a big crowd including several from the Bramham Moor, Middleton, and Holderness. Everyone got his or her five-bobs-worth of jumping, for it was a typically good Tuesday with runs which, though circular, kept us going pretty fast the whole time. In fact when the Grange Wood fox was hollaed away there was a sort of cavalry charge which looked as if it might flatten out the lady pack completely. The South had quite a fair day from Stillington (Mr. Liddell's château) on Thursday and found several of Mrs. Love's Hawkhill foxes.

(Continued on p. vi)



LADY TEMPLEMORE, MR. GEORGE EVANS, M.F.H., MRS. PHIPPS FOSTER, AND LORD TEMPLEMORE



MR. DOUGLAS PERRIE AND MISS G. FENWICK

THE H.H. BALL

All the World at Winchester



LORD ACHESON AND MISS S. FOSTER



MRS. CARTELL AND LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON



MISS AUDREY EAST AND MR. LING

The Hampshire Hunt (more tersely known as the H.H.) had its Hunt Ball on December 16 in Winchester Guildhall. It is always a most popular fixture, and this year was no exception, close on six hundred tickets being sold



LADY ROSEMARY JEFFREYS, MRS. CORRIGAN, AND MR. HERBERT PRETYMAN IN CONVERSATION

The tremendous success of the H.H. Ball reflected the greatest possible credit on the committee which included Lord Templemore, Captain Scott, ex-Joint Master, and Mr. George Evans the Senior Joint Master, who has been associated with this Hunt for many years. The Embassy Band played and everyone took the floor with such enthusiasm that, in spite of the spaciousness of the room, traffic problems were acute in the early stages. Miss Sheila Foster, the attractive daughter of Mrs. Phipps Foster, was going very well, and Lord Gosford's elder son, Lord Acheson, also displayed good staying powers

Most of the houses within motoring distance of Winchester were full of Hunt Ball guests. Lady Curzon of Kedleston brought a contingent from Hackwood, and Lady Rosemary Jeffreys was another local light. Mr. Herbert Pretyman, who married Lady Rosemary's elder sister, Lady Karen Agar, is a son of Lady Beatrice Pretyman of Orwell Park, Ipswich

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING

A Book of Fascinating Human Oddities.

THE longer I live the less impressed am I by Important People. The people, I mean, who fill important places, obtain power, and those of false importance who, in various and often silly ways, seek to become "news." In their places doubtless they are excellent. So far as I am concerned, however, they may bathe happily in their own lime-light. I prefer the greater amusement, and often greater interest of those who, living in obscurity, nevertheless make that obscurity exciting. I would far sooner spend a week-end with the "queer" than with the wealthy, while there is a fascinating quality about "heart" which "head" can never know. I love the slightly mad who are without ambition, and the plain who have ceased to care a tinker's cuss for their absence of beauty. I take off my hat, metaphorically speaking, to those who, being ambitious, achieve ambition, but for sheer delight, give me the more cosy folk. Life is so disastrously short that the longer one lives the less one becomes impressed by the big drum and the trumpets. It is so much like being "cock o' the nursery," and, oh, so little more! I have even reached that age of disillusion which can wander happily among tombstones without feeling that I am superior, still less that I am feeling somewhat terrified as if fate, instead of patting me on the back and encouraging me to further progress, had snubbed me first of all and then ignored me altogether. Therefore, you can imagine my delight while I was reading Mr. Reginald L. Hine's simply delightful book, "Hitchin Worthies: Four Centuries of English Life" (Allen and Unwin. 16s.). Briefly, it is a book of biographies of varied length of men and women who have been, so to speak, the characters of that charming old Hertfordshire town for the last 400 years, and, although very few among them made their lasting mark on history, as a collection of quaint and fascinating human beings they simply wipe biographies of more important people off the map of intimate interest. Most of them were unknown beyond the confines of the town and its neighbourhood, but all of them are worthy of remembrance if for you the "odd" in human nature be worth a whole neighbourhood peopled by the merely estimable. Mr. Hine has chosen his Hitchin worthies from such as these: "He (or she) must be a person of note, yet not so noteworthy as to be hangable in the National Portrait Gallery. He must be a good sitter, and have features that lend themselves to the portrait painter's art. Above all, he must be the creature and mirror of his age, so that through him one may perceive the strong life of a town, and spread out beyond him the landscape of the world at large. I am of those who think that these creatures of the middling sort hold up a truer mirror to nature than do the groundlings or the great. It is only a hand-mirror, I know, but it shows the face, and it is one that no modern historian will call common or unclean." And how lucky the town of Hitchin may be in its modern historian this fascinating and delightfully written book bears witness. The biographies of these outstanding and often "odd" inhabitants of the town range from Ralph Radcliffe, 1519-1559, to a group of sheer eccentrics who have lived to interest and amuse the borough as recently as

a few years ago. Especially lucky for us is the fact that in dealing with the worthies of the last four centuries Mr. Hine has been able to illustrate many of their features by contemporary drawings of one Mr. Samuel Lucas, himself a Worthy who started life as a prim Quaker to end it as an artist and a Bohemian. And each of these biographies is far more fascinating than almost any novel. For they are a series of actual "lives," and life is always a far more enthralling book to read than fiction. The trouble is that one can so rarely read it, other than the story of our own life, and that we know, sometimes only too well. Moreover, some of the more notable Worthies kept actual diaries of their lives, and from these Mr. Hine has culled many passages, not only so that his own portrait of the writer may be more realistically portrayed, but also because a page of actual contemporary history shall thus fill in the back-ground and so achieve almost a four-dimensional picture. And no book which I have come across for years has been so profusely or so aptly illustrated. One may read, for example, of the once-famous "Hermit Lucas"—one of the well-known Lucas family of Hitchin—who being wealthy, suddenly, for no very obvious reason, shut himself up in his house and lived rather like a baboon in a cage for the rest of his life, and at the same time see actual drawings of this strange man drawn from life. In fact I, for one, could dip into this fascinating volume again and again. Not only because it deals with strange and odd people who actually lived, but because each chapter is the story of a real life as queer, as humorous, and as tragic as true life stories always are. In brief, a book after my own heart.



THE HON. MRS. MAYNARD GREVILLE AND HER DAUGHTER, FELICE

The Hon. Mrs. Maynard Greville has just had published a most charming book for children, "The Diary of Mr. Niggs, Unkanny Kat." The cat about whom the book is written is seen in the picture. Mrs. Maynard Greville is the wife of the Hon. Maynard Greville, who is an uncle of the Earl of Warwick, and she is a daughter of the late Edward Pape of Moor Hall, Battle. Their only child, Felice, was born in 1919

taining novel of Irish life called "Cloonagh," and these shorter stories have "Cloonagh" for their back-ground and are equally amusing. Especially I loved the tale of the Walking Encyclopædia who could answer anybody's questions, including some he posed himself just for the sake of answering them profoundly, until some-one demanded to know if a woman knows more than a man, which a woman answered in a way that made the Walking Encyclopædia look an extremely small volume as he had perforce to walk away. But some of the most fascinating stories of all scarcely concern human beings, but are written around animals and birds. In fact, one gets to know the animal life of this little Irish town almost as well as one gets to know its odd inhabitants; the two of them making a perfect picture of rural Irish life. Most of these stories may only be mere sketches, but in that sketch you have either a full portrait, or a typical Irish scene, or a gem of humour which has human nature for its subject. The illustrations by George Morrow are amusing and help to make the book even more attractive. Mrs. Large is following in the footsteps of Somerville and Ross and looks like keeping pace, without an effort, with those two enchanting writers.

(Continued on p. 536)

FIFTY-FIFTY?

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



First Lady: I dunno 'ow it is, but they always seem to be quarrelling. I suppose it's six of one and half-a-dozen of the other

Second Lady: Well, from wot I can 'ear, Mrs. Smith, it's the other way about!

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Sunshine of Optimism.

A pity that General Seely's new book, "For Ever England" (Hodder and Stoughton), costs 12s. Less expensive, it might penetrate more homes and add to the nation's happiness. For it is the most optimistic book I have read for a long time, and never was optimism more needed than it is to-day. Moreover, one has the satisfaction that, although the outlook may be rosy, a rosy outlook is not a false outlook as pessimists prefer to regard it, but just another aspect of what is actually there. Besides, no thoughtful, unprejudiced person will quarrel with General Seely in his estimate of the character of English people, even though for a time, and here and there, and at odd moments, they may seem to fall short of their intrinsic cheerfulness and courage. Too many people, for example, are inclined to wash their hands of the denizens of the slums because an occasional family keep their coal in the bath and would make a slum of any place they might inhabit. In this book there are pen portraits of simple working men, some still living, with whom the author has come in personal contact.

And who will deny that the splendour of those portraits can be multiplied by tens of thousands all over the country? Life for the vast majority is happier now than it has ever been before. And if the few are poorer the many have touched a scale of decent living which hitherto they have never known. General Seely takes us into the homes and into the lives of miners, dock labourers, agricultural labourers, fishermen, and other obscure folk, and shows us not only what fine human types can be found among them, but how the honour and glory which is England depend in a major extent upon the splendid character of these working men and women. The book, indeed, is a survey of modern England, and the summing-up is not

only optimistic, but generally true. But all through the book this one fact is pointed out again and again: England can never keep her place in the world of progress if her rural life is neglected or allowed to become derelict. She depends upon her agriculture and her mining industries for her prosperity and her national health. Incidentally, among the anecdotes scattered throughout the book this amused me because it is rather typical of English character. It concerns Mr. du Parcq's visit to Dartmoor Prison after the recent disturbances. Early in this visit he went to see a hardened old veteran, believing that he, if anyone, could tell him the root-causes of the trouble. Sitting down beside the old man on his truckle-bed, he asked him to tell him his own version of the affair. "Well, sir," the old chap answered, "I'm very glad you asked me, because I have been here off and on for a number of years. I have got to know the place well and, if I may say so, I've got kind of fond of it. Of course there are smaller matters, but the real trouble is, if you will believe me, we aren't getting the same class of men we used to get in the old days." And this one, which concerns a very rich lady who believed that she was interested in Dockland and one day paid a visit to a poor woman with a large family. By way of making her feel at home, she remarked, "Ah! Mrs.

Jones, I have heard of your case and meant to come to see you some months ago, but really it has been quite impossible. I have been so terribly busy. Amongst other things my daughter has just come out." "Ah!" replied the mother of the large family, "I am glad to hear that. My Bert came out only last week. He only had a month. What did yours get?"

An Interesting Novel.

"Turnip-Tops" (Hutchinson), by Ethel Boileau, is more like a casual diary than a novel. It is broken into here and there by pages which read like essays—essays on hunting, political parties, and Charlie Chaplin—but strangely enough they all fit into the scheme to a certain extent and eventually give us a clear and cleverly drawn picture of county society. What plot there is concerns the marriage of one daughter to a famous airman, after an entertaining preliminary flight, so to speak, with an unpleasant profiteer; the marriage of the elder son to a peer's daughter, and the unhappy liaison of the

younger one with the wife of his father's friend—one of those unpleasant women who make sex ugly as well as dull. It is the mother of these three young people, Alison Mallory, who is supposed to write the story, and we see her world entirely through her eyes. Perhaps she "jots down" rather than writes, but she is always readable and often very shrewd and amusing.

An Unpleasant Old Man.

Claude Copping's "Old Callender" (Desmond Harrington, 7s. 6d.) is a clever if unpleasant study of a disagreeable and tiresome old man. His relations disliked him, nor can one wonder at their attitude. Had they only known it, the greatest promise he held out towards them was his boast

that he would live to be a centenarian. People generally die fairly quickly after they have dared the gods that kind of way. However, these relations had to endure him while he was drinking himself to death and making the lives of his four surviving children as miserable as could well be. He over-ate, he over-drank, his manners were appalling. It was indeed surprising that he had lasted out seventy-five years except on the understanding that those whom the world would be happier without almost invariably die very old. The only person he half-liked was his daughter-in-law, wife of his favourite son who was killed in the war; but one suspects that he only liked her because she was an attractive woman. Nevertheless, when he heard she had married again he was about to cut her and her daughter out of the latest version of his will, when life could stand him no longer and killed him off. Around this clever study of the disagreeable, the writer concentrates all her efforts and she succeeds in drawing a truthful if unpleasant portrait. All the same, and if the truth be told, the old man's relatives were not the kind to evoke much admiration, though they got all my sympathy from me. A clever novel, but not the kind for a pleasant optimistic evening.



"Fallen in?"
"Well, dammit! d'you think I live here?"

DANCING FOR CHARITY TEA FOR SEVERAL



AT THE SILVER ROSE BALL: SIR CLEMENT KINLOCH-COKE AND MRS. FRANK D'ARCY

The first three pictures here were taken at the Carlton Hotel, where a ball was recently staged for the benefit of the National Society of Day Nurseries, a good cause in which many notable people are interested. Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke, founder and editor of "The Empire Review," and former editor of "The Observer" and other papers, was in the House of Commons for many years. The Hon. Angus Holden is Lord Holden's only son, and Lady Illingworth was Miss Margaret Wilberforce before her marriage last year. Lord and Lady Louth have some first-rate fishing at their Irish home near Ardee. Tea cups as well as cocktail glasses featured at the party given by Mr. David Morland Hay and Captain C. A. C. Hillyard at the Chesterfield Salon in Charles Street, which has quite recently been opened to solve the lack-of-space problem for the would-be hospitable. The Hon. William Beresford, one of their guests, is the brother of Lord Decies



LADY ILLINGWORTH, THE HON. ANGUS HOLDEN, AND MISS JEANNE STOURTON SUPPING AT THE SILVER ROSE BALL



LADY DALRYMPLE - CHAMPNEYS, VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE SILVER ROSE BALL, WITH LORD AND LADY LOUTH



TEA AND/OR COCKTAILS: LADY DOMVILLE, LADY ISABEL WODEHOUSE, LADY DUFF-GORDON, MRS. CLOWES, MRS. FLOWER, AND THE HON. WILLIAM BERESFORD



LADY FALKLAND (left) AND MRS. WOOLLEY-HART WERE ALSO AT THE HAY-HILLYARD GATHERING

A Rugby Letter

DEAR TATLER,—Have just got back from Devonshire, after the Torquay trial, and a very pleasant week-end, too. Warm and fine, lots of old friends, and the Torquay authorities doing their best to make the occasion a success. And, incidentally, a match which, if rather on the runaway side, still had its attractive points. Evidently England will have a powerful side with plenty of scoring power, though they will of course be up against much sterner opposition than was the case here.

* * *

The selectors, if they ever thought of anything beyond their immediate objective, might have put a few more West-country men into the match. The only Devon man playing was E. E. Richards of Plymouth Albion, and he received much vocal encouragement from the crowd. And, fighting a losing battle as he was, gamely and to the last inch, he deserved every cheer he got. Many of the best judges in Devon would have liked to see M. Wilson of Plymouth Albion get a chance. They hold him to be the finest forward in the West, and say that he has been so for some time, but he never gets much show. Perhaps it's because he's a policeman, and is generally known as "Ginger."

* * *

Another popular personality at Torquay was F. Nicholson, a terrier-forward from North Durham, the only thing against him being his size, or lack of it; there is not much of him, but what there is seems all wire and steel, and he is practically tireless. In some ways he reminded me of Jack King of Headingley, of glorious memory. Nicholson is about the same height, though not nearly so strongly built, and he has the same ceaseless desire to be up and doing, and the further the game went the more energetic he became.

* * *

As usual all the sympathies of the crowd were with the Possibles, but it soon became clear that only an earthquake or some other manifestation of Providence could save them from a heavy defeat. With perhaps only one exception all the best players were on one side, and the result was, of course inevitable. The exception was J. A. Tallent, and without his constant aggressiveness the condition of the Possibles would have been pitiable indeed.

* * *

Tallent had great difficulty with his shorts, which his opponents persisted in pulling off or tearing to tatters. Once he made a great run, and almost scored, with only

a few rags fluttering about his knees, a performance which hugely delighted the crowd. The same thing happened to Arthur Frith, when Coventry visited Paris many years ago, for the second Rugby match ever played in France. And I have always thought that the popularity of the Rugby game across the Channel began on that Easter Monday nearly forty years ago. We thought the crowd would never stop laughing and cheering, and the face of the modest Frith was a picture.

* * *

Apart from A. Tallent, whose attack was really brilliant, the other Possible backs did not impress. C. C. Tanner has been ill and has not played a lot this season, and that is just what his performance looked like. He has no chance of ousting L. Booth of Headingley, who looks like being the find of the Trials. Booth has all the makings of a very fine wing

—pace, resolu-

tion, and a clear idea of the position of the goal-line and how to reach it. I wish his try, scored after a seventy yards' run, had been gained at Twickenham before a big crowd. The Torquay people loved it.

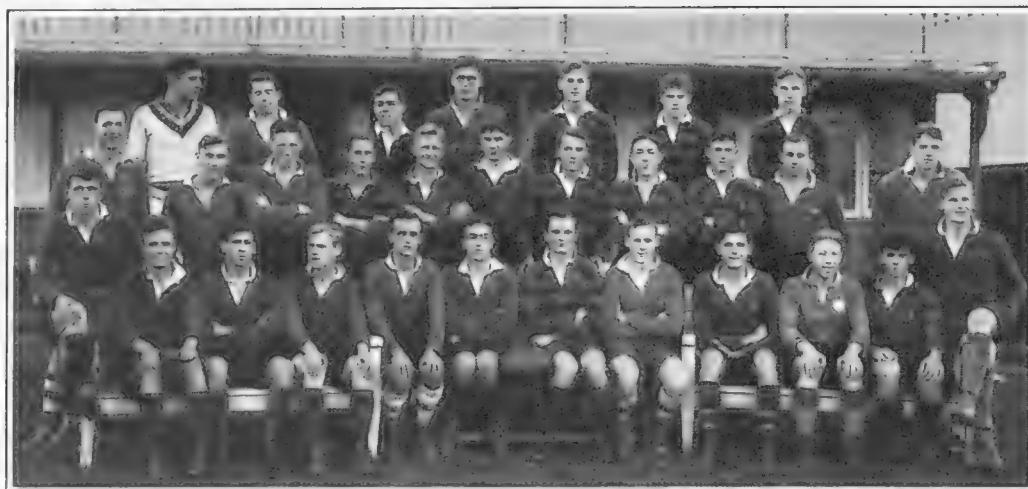
* * *

But there was one more brilliant still, in which Booth and A. Key were concerned. The latter broke away from a scrum and after running some distance, put in a perfect cross-kick. Booth came up at full speed, took it in his stride and dashed for the line. He was cut off, and was obliged to pass to Key, who scored without difficulty. It was a perfect effort, and would have beaten any defence in the world. As the man sitting next me said, "that puts Key in." R. A. Gerrard played quite well, and if he, Tallent, and Don Burland are all available there will be a pretty little problem for the selectors. They can't all play, for I do not think the selectors will adopt the suggestion to try Tallent at stand off, they have too much faith in Elliot, and they are probably right. That young gentleman has come on a lot.

* * *

Scotland had a trial on the same day as ours, and according to all accounts were very pleased with K. Jackson, the young Oxford stand-off from Rugby. Jackson's partner was W. R. Logan, and he probably found him rather more easy to get on with than the Oxford skipper. Logan has many admirers in the South, but he has never really made good with the Scottish selectors.

HARLEQUIN.



ST. EDWARD'S SCHOOL (OXFORD) v. OLD BOYS

In this recent match at the school during the recent annual Commemoration of the St. Edward's School Old Boys' Association, the School beat the Old Boys by 15 points to 5, and undoubtedly had the better of the deal all the way.

In this picture of the combined teams the names are: Back row—C. H. Thompson, V. R. H. Deane, T. P. Hamerton, J. V. Harrison, A. W. Paton, A. J. Neill, J. M. R. Paton. Middle row—P. Monahan, F. G. C. Cutliffe, J. L. B. Burton, I. K. Woodroffe, R. R. Teagle, A. R. Tillear, J. Butterworth, C. Hudson, G. R. Heyland, R. F. Berry, G. M. Beal. Front row—G. D. Leyland, K. J. Veitch, P. Crammer, R. G. H. Green, P. Grove (captain O.S.E.), A. G. Butterworth (captain St. Edward's), J. Freebairn-Smith, V. P. B. Hayes-Gratze, J. Hudson, S. G. MacPauvin, R. J. Northcote-Green, and another.



"THE CLUB" BEAT RICHMOND

A good action picture of the recent match at the Richmond Athletic Ground, when Blackheath beat Richmond by 15 to 5 points. It was hard-Rugger all the way, and the rally of the vanquished in the last quarter of an hour, when they were reduced to thirteen men was magnificent and was led by Charles Hopwood

THE PRINCESS OF KAPURTHALA

New portraits of the lovely French wife of a popular Indian Potentate

Photographs by Dorothy Wilding



The Maharajah of Kapurthala's lovely wife, of whom these are new portraits, is, like her husband, very well-known in London. They are also in France a good deal, and this summer the Princess crossed the Atlantic to be the guest of Douglas Fairbanks and other famous film stars at Hollywood, where she was an immense social success. She was also present at the Olympic Games gathering at Los Angeles. The Maharajah of Kapurthala is exceedingly cultured and speaks French like a Frenchman. He has a wonderful palace in his State in the Punjab, and another in the Himalayas, near the hill-station of Mussouri



WITH THE BICESTER: CAPTAIN GUY LUCAS AND THE MASTERS, COLONEL JOHNNIE HEYWOOD-LONSDALE AND CAPTAIN ARTHUR HEYWOOD-LONSDALE



A PYTCHELEY SNAPSHOT
MRS. ROLAND FINDLAY



WITH THE FITZWILLIAM: MISS J. FERGUSON AND LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM

When Mr. Hugh Budgett gave up the Bicester, principally on account of the bad falls he had had, Colonel Heywood-Lonsdale (former Master, 1899-1922) came back and was joined by his son—a most satisfactory arrangement. Colonel Heywood-Lonsdale is a kinsman of Lord Valentia, whose father was also a Bicester Master. Mrs. Rollie Findlay is a sister-in-law of Sir Edmund Findlay and is usually part of the "Cavalry" out hunting. Lady Helena Fitzwilliam is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam



Truman Howell
A WHEATLAND PICTURE: MRS. WORLEY WORSWICK AND COLONEL BURY

The Wheatland is a pleasant little country in Shropshire, next door to the Albrighton, and Colonel Bury is a staunch supporter. He plays cricket at the appropriate season for the Old Etonians. People who went racing at Windsor had a far pleasanter time than was possible during the recent Arctic snap



RACING AT WINDSOR: LADY LETTICE ASHLEY-COOPER AND MRS. D. A. JACKSON



AND SIR HUGH NUGENT AND MRS. KENYON GOODE IN THE ENCLOSURE



PUNCH'S CLUB CELEBRATES ITS ANNIVERSARY

In this group at the May Fair, where Punch's celebrated its anniversary, are: Sir Anthony Tichborne, Miss Helen Tennant, Mr. Guy Puckle, Lady Tichborne, Mr. Aubrey Raphael, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Claridge and Mrs. Aubrey Raphael

Sasha



MRS. EDWARD DE WINTON
WILLS



CAPTAIN CHARLES SEBRIGHT
AND LADY SCARSDALE



CAPTAIN
AND MRS. HOARE



LORD
SCARSDALE

Punch's Club held its birthday party at the May Fair for the good and sufficient reason that its little home in the West in Waverton Street is nothing like big enough to find room for the members and their friends on a big occasion, however comfortable it may be for the ordinary functions of lunching, dining and supping. It is renowned, as every London boulevardier knows, for good food, good service, and all the other things that make for the comfort of modern man, old and young, and modern woman, no matter how modern they may or may not be. On this particular occasion there was a super all-star Cabaretta, which Edmund Goulding produced by the means of, and aided and abetted by, Anita Elson, "June," Dorothy Dickson, Florence Desmond and Geoffrey Gwyther. Some show! says you—and that is so. Society mustered in great force, and this collection on this page quite inadequately suggests the quantity, though it does the reverse where "the quality" are concerned.



LADY ASHLEY, MR. CHARLIE SWEENEY AND HIS FIANCÉE, MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM

Sasha



YETTA AND ROSINA

Two of the most popular and nimble of Paris's cabaret-dancers at the moment. The two ladies hail from Cannes, where they are very well known

TRÈS CHER.—The necessity of "going to press early" on account of the Christmas holidays rather cramps my style! If I give you the news of the week, it will be very ancient history by the time it reaches you! Allow me, therefore, to discourse on more stable things that, in these swiftly-moving times, "remain put" for, let us say, at least as long as it takes to write them!

Books! They loom large on my horizon at the moment. Being an omnivorous reader, I am, of course, always surrounded by these old—and silent—friends. But just now I am wallowing in an orgy of new volumes bought, after the careful study of Richard King's delightful pages, for Christmas presents. This may not be quite *nice* of me, but it is at least practical! I cannot afford English novels for myself alone, but I don't see why I shouldn't kill two birds, in a manner o' writing, with one seven-and-sixpenceworth! But of these presents-to-myself-and-others I must not write, since Richard King has already done so in such seductive manner that my pocket-book is as flat as a pancake, and I hardly have the wherewithal for purchase or postage of a single Christmas card!

Since writing the above, I have received a bulky package from Great Britain—which, as usual, has been held up at the *douane* for, apparently, weeks! It is my old friend Grant Richards' "Memories of a Misspent Youth." (I wonder, by the way, whether misspent should not be written in two words and with three "s's"!) I hope that G. R. will not consider this as libellous, but in my Bayswater days I always heard that, as a lad, he had a great way with the lassies! The three hundred and forty-odd pages of these souvenirs look as if they

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

will take me through the holidays very agreeably, and I shall enjoy meeting, in print, many half-forgotten names that were mentioned, almost with bated breath, in my childhood. Another book, sent to me by Ivor Nicholson and Watson, Ltd., is the English translation, under the title "England—This Way!" of Felix de Grand'Combe's most amusing "Tu viens en Angleterre!" A year or so ago I mentioned on this page the original French edition, and chuckled with joy over it. It has lost nothing by Beatrice de Holthoir's clever Anglicisation. Felix de Grand'Combe's kindly banter is of the most friendly and witty nature; he is a Frenchman who has lived many years in England. He obviously loves his adopted country, its inhabitants and all their little foibles, as well as their many virtues. The English reader cannot possibly take offence at his fun, and the book will do much to create a better understanding of the Frenchman on a visit to G. B. Marcel Boulestin and A. H. Adair have also helped to make my Christmas pleasant by sending me their *petit dernier*, entitled "127 Ways of Preparing Savories and Hors-d'Œuvre." As usual, their delicious and easy-to-make recipes are preceded by a witty little foreword that so reassuringly makes one feel that *gourmandise* (the French word sounds so much better than "greediness") is an English virtue rather than a Gallic vice!

To revert to my little moan about the expense—in francs—of the seven-and-sixpenny novel. I am really, when I come to think it over, rather ungracious in making it. Living in France as I do, I have so many inexpensive Continental editions at my disposal that I have no right to grumble because I cannot have a running account *chez* Bumpus. The Albatross Library, brought out within this last year by Holroyd Reece—who is the director of the famous Pegasus Press—boasts of a wonderful collection of modern novels. The list of famous names amongst the books already published is impressive: Aldous Huxley, Compton Mackenzie, Sinclair Lewis, Joseph Hergesheimer, Crawshay-Williams, Lewisohn, D. H. Lawrence, Louis Bromfield, C. H. B. Kitchin, Louis Golding, to mention but a few; and in the coming year they will publish a novel by Edith Wharton, who hitherto has always refused to appear in any Continental edition. Usually, I know very little about what goes on in the publishing world, but I hold this information from an old school friend, Marguerite Scialtiel, Anglo-French like myself, who is Curtis Browne's agent over here. Having climbed to her office in one of the huge "buildings" that now disfigure the Champs-Élysées, in order to cadge a cup of tea and pass the time o' day, I discovered her in the midst of moving. Finding the Champs-Élysées too noisy and their quarters too cramped, Curtis Browne is moving to the calm and almost rural retreat on the Left Bank, 27, rue Boulard, that also houses the Pegasus and the Albatross Press. A delightful spot. Imagine a long, low, yellow-painted façade in a tranquil and almost provincial-looking street. A somewhat squat and old-fashioned door admits one to a picturesque interior of tiny, thick-walled, cell-like rooms and thence into a big garden. In this garden there are two long, low, raftered rooms, lined with bookshelves, that Miss Scialtiel proposes to use as her office. An ideal place for work, and also to entertain the innocent author and the wary publisher.

With love, Très Cher,

PRISCILLA.



"SPI" AND HER LITTLE SON

A pleasing little picture taken at Spinelly's house at Reuil, near Paris. The famous Parisienne *révue* actress is now starring at the Théâtre Cluny in "L'Amour à l'Américaine," the play in the film version of which Spinelly has also played the lead

A FEW "STILLS" FROM THE MOVIES



MISS VERRÉE TEASDALE VERY SCOTTISH,
EVEN DOWN TO THE DOG

Miss Verrée Teasdale believed in preserving the unities when she and her Aberdeen posed for the industrious camera merchant. She is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, and a most attractive one at that. Anita Page was just resting and reading when she was "took" at her home in Hollywood. Off the "set" her name is Anita Pomara. Puccini's beautiful opera "Madame Butterfly" has two leads who surely will give it every chance in the world, but whether Puccini's music deserves such a hard fate as to be "canned" as a talkie is rather a moot question. It makes a magnificent film, as, of course, it was bound to do



MISS ANITA PAGE
AT HOME



IN "MADAME BUTTERFLY": SYLVIA
SYDNEY AND CARY GRANT

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

Christians Awake



THE END OF A CHAPTER. OR MUCH ADO ABOUT DOCTRINE: FREDERICK PIPER, RENAUD LOCKWOOD, FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN, BRYAN POWLEY, BALIOL HOLLOWAY, B. A. PITTA

THE subject of Christians furiously raging together did not entice me. Before seeing *The Cathedral*, I considered myself unsuited by prejudice to criticise this play, dramatised by Mr. Hugh Walpole from his novel. I happen to have a slight phobia in relation to Church of England incumbents, provoked by an overdose of bigotry in early youth, and strengthened by a padre on the Somme in 1916, concerning whom I will permit myself a paragraph.

This man, unlike most Army chaplains, had a habit of prodding young sensibilities until they hurt. In a week when our R.F.C. squadron had lost half of its fighting strength, and on a day when I had seen two close friends go down in flames, he chose to take our minds from disaster with one of the awfully broad-minded debates over which he liked to preside at tea-time. The dear fellow took as his subject: "Temptation—the Case For and Against." I watched some of us hugging a hidden hilarity over their arguments for temptation, and the rest writhing while the chaplain bleated on and on through our secret recesses. He produced, as his master-argument, the case of an engaged young man kept by poverty from early marriage. "My dear lads" (the guns of a distant barrage boomed loudly), "if he were one of us, should we not, under the circumstances, stay chaste? Why, then, it is not more difficult for any of us to resist temptation?"

"Sir," said a nerve-ridden subaltern, who wanted to break up the unctuous occasion, "your engaged young man is analogous to the owner of a moor in Yorkshire. Most of us, having no moors, are poachers at heart, whatever the season. But the owner of a moor, Sir, waits until

the 12th of August, and then has a grand occasion with the guns." That did the trick; the debate on chastity v. temptation ended in a gale of laughter, which the chaplain's famous broad-mindedness could not regard as impolite.

This random recollection has no bearing on Mr. Walpole's play, but at any rate it indicates why clergymen on the stage, unlike lawyers or doctors, can provoke immediate prejudice or favour. Archdeacon Brandon, in the first act of *The Cathedral*, represents all the ecclesiastical autocrats in small-town England. He is Polchester, and Polchester is he. He proves it by a blend of sincere love for the Cathedral and jealous tyranny over those living in its shadow. He is, you recognise, destined for pride's fall; and there is a relish in its anticipation.

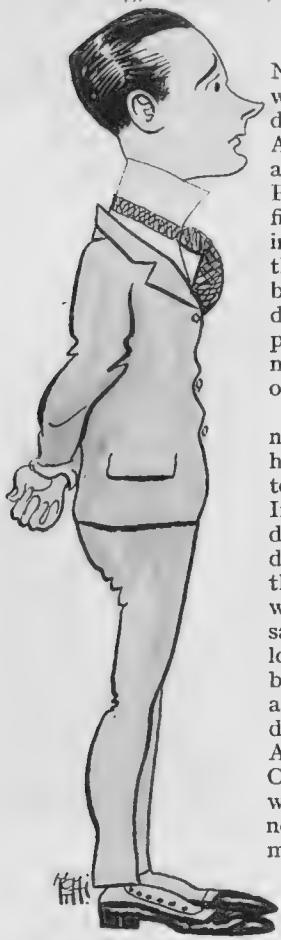


PORTRAIT IN VINEGAR: EILEEN THORNDIKE



ERRANT WIFE AND MAN ABOUT POLCHESTER: CLARE HARRIS, MARTIN LEWIS

By
ALAN
BOTT



SENT DOWN FROM OXFORD: ERIC BERRY

tic, "quiet and friendly and false."

The archidiaconal lady's elopement with the solicitor (leaving the traditional letter on the mantelpiece) becomes by contrast a slight issue in which it is hard to believe. To be persuasive, it needs either more prominence or much less detail. The second act, which takes place on the day of the Diamond Jubilee, is a procession of domestic incidents, stark and sudden. Incidentally, it is the only act in which the audience has a chance to grow restive because of elaborate attention to happenings off-stage—for instance, the removal of the Archdeacon's hat by a circus elephant. This incident is symbolic of the tyrant's fall from power ("a year ago no elephant would have dared to snatch the Archdeacon's hat"), but it hardly needs hundreds of novelist's words, instead of an essential four dozen from the play-wright.

The last act, given to the Archdeacon in final decay, with nobody left around him except the daughter who will soon marry, is taut and tensely moving. The spirit is tormented inside a gaunt body that has its enemy on the brain. Nothing remains to the Cathedral Lear

The great merit of this play at the New Theatre is that no spectator, whatever his feeling towards clerical dog-collars, can avoid deep interest in Archdeacon Brandon and Canon Ronder, antagonists in the fight for control of Polchester. The two ecclesiastics are first of all human beings bared for inspection; but they are also living forces that represent the everlasting struggle between old ideas and new. A minor demerit it is that their passions and perplexities, looming large enough to monopolise the drama, dwarf the emotions of the lesser characters.

Mr. Walpole has telescoped a long novel, full of description, into three hours of dialogue, and his unwillingness to discard has complicated the result. In the first act, before the sleek, catlike, determined Canon has ousted the Archdeacon, the latter's family are specimens that promise much. The middle-aged wife, utterly tired of her husband's self-satisfaction, has fallen in love with the local solicitor (a clergyman in the novel, but translated to the stage as a man about Polchester). The daughter is budding with love for a monocled lordling. And the arrival of a son sent down from Oxford breaks up the family's *At Home*, which is nicely decorated by the manners and clothes of 1897. All these may be expected to develop their

promise, and none of them does so. Their intricate motives and problems are elbowed on one side by the magnitude of the Archdeacon's complex concerning his fellow-ecclesiastic,

tic, "quiet and friendly and false."

The archidiaconal lady's elopement with the solicitor (leaving the traditional letter on the mantelpiece) becomes by contrast a slight issue in which it is hard to believe. To be persuasive, it needs either more prominence or much less detail. The second act, which takes place on the day of the Diamond Jubilee, is a procession of domestic incidents, stark and sudden. Incidentally, it is the only act in which the audience has a chance to grow restive because of elaborate attention to happenings off-stage—for instance, the removal of the Archdeacon's hat by a circus elephant. This incident is symbolic of the tyrant's fall from power ("a year ago no elephant would have dared to snatch the Archdeacon's hat"), but it hardly needs hundreds of novelist's words, instead of an essential four dozen from the play-wright.

except his passion against the scheming Canon, which he believes to be an advocacy of the God of the Bible. His collapse in the Chapter House, after his fundamentalist doctrine has been denied by all except himself, brings vehement applause to a climax in the grand theatrical manner.

Rich acting supports the penetrating play. The violent, angular figure of Baliol Holloway, declaiming as the Archdeacon, becomes a giant to haunt the imagination. Canon Ronder, in terms of both the writing and the quiet enigma in Frank L. Sullivan's performance, is intriguing enough to be a subject for argument days after he is seen; as happened last night over the supper table, when I heard one arguing that he was a sincere, relentless instrument for change, ridden by spiritual pride, while another called him a sly, smarmy hypocrite. A character that provokes such denial must be alive. I was not impressed, however, by the attempt, through dialogue and organ-playing, to make the Cathedral itself into a mystical influence.

Thea Holme plays the daughter with attractive distinction, especially during a frustrated appeal for affection from her mother. The mother herself is a sketchy outline, which Clare Harris rounds off as well as is possible. Anthony Shaw, Frederick Piper, and Eileen Thorndike provide the best among several pastiches from the late 'nineties.

For the rest, old religious fires can flare up suddenly, as was shown in the recent attempt to revise the Prayer Book; and it may be, in despite of *The Cathedral's* link with a Church issue now almost extinct, that these will warm the appeal from a fine, unusual production that thoroughly deserves to succeed.



ALL THE POLCHESTER NEWS AGNES LAUCHLAN



LOVE IN THE 'NINETIES: ANTHONY SHAW, THEA HOLME

ANSWERING AN APPEAL

The Marie Curie Hospital Dinner

LADY MAUREEN STANLEY
GREETING LADY BRISCOEINSET IN CIRCLE:
LADY PLUNKET

LORD JUSTICE GREER AND LADY GREER



MR. HUGH SMYTHE AND COUNTESS TASHA PAHLEN



LORD AND LADY WEYMOUTH, LORD LONG AND MISS CHOLMONDELEY



LORD AND LADY DUFFERIN AND MR. AND MRS. BALFOUR

LADY HINDLIP SCANS
THE LIST OF DINERS

When the Marie Curie Hospital recently issued a very special appeal for £50,000, it was Lady Plunket's good idea to ensure a response by organizing a dinner at the Dorchester. Lord Derby's daughter-in-law, Lady Maureen Stanley, presided, and is seen at the top of this page welcoming the Hon. Treasurer of the Hospital, Sir Charlton Briscoe's wife. Lord Dufferin and Ava spoke up well on behalf of the gathering's cause, for which Mr. Freddie Lonsdale also put in a plea. Sir Arthur Greer was appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal in 1927; his wife is American

Photographs by Sasha



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A HAPPY NEW YEAR AND MANY OF 'EM!





GOOD AND BAD LUCK EMBLEMS FOR THEM AS BELIEVE IN 'EM

By CAFFERATA

Good Luck Emblems.—HUNCHBACK, SWEEP, SWASTIKA, PIEBALD HORSE, NINE OF HEARTS (Good fortune and happiness), BLACK CAT, TWO MAGPIES (Joy), HORSESHOE, WHITE HEATHER, RED SPIDER (Brings money). LAMBS TURNED TOWARDS YOU, THUMBS UP, PIGS, FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER

Bad Luck Emblems.—DEVIL, ONE MAGPIE (Sorrow), No. 13, COMET (Un omens), PEACOCK'S FEATHER (Bad luck in house), NEW MOON SEEN THRO' GLASS, BROKEN MIRROR (Seven years' bad luck), FALLING PICTURE (Death in family), RED MORNING SKY (Rain!), 13 AT TABLE (Death to first to rise or last to sit down), SQUINTING WOMAN, CLINKING WINE GLASSES (Death to sailor or soldier), LIGHTING THREE CIGARETTES WITH ONE MATCH (Death or misfortune to the third), WALKING UNDER LADDER, DROPPED UMBRELLA (Disappointment), SPILT SALT (Quarrel), FIRE BURNING ONE SIDE (Parting), NINE OF SPADES (Death card), THUMBS TURNED DOWN



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"BLACK & WHITE"



DOG-LOVERS AT HOME



Hay Wrightson

FOUR AT A SITTING

The Hon. Lady Morrison-Bell and her elder daughter successfully persuade Mousie and Victory to face the camera. Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell was presented this season. Her good-looking mother is Lord Powerscourt's youngest sister



IN LANCASHIRE

Major and Mrs. George Sandys and their children go in for gun-dogs, a Cocker and two Labradors being important members of the family circle at Graythwaite Hall, their home near Ulverston. Mrs. Sandys is Sir Edward Redford's daughter



Miss Compton Collier

MAJOR THE HON. CHRISTOPHER AND MRS. LOWTHER WITH DAUGHTERS AND DOGS

Sealyhams are the thing at Forest Cottage, near Worth, in Sussex, which is where the group on the left was taken. Major Lowther is the elder son of Lord Ullswater. The little girls' names are Rosemary and Jennifer

FOXHUNTERS



AT A COTTESMORE TRYST

Lady Manton talking to Miss Marjorie Brassey when hounds were at Tilton Station. The popular only daughter of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Edgar Brassey is engaged to Mr. Hugh Peacock, son of the late Mr. Hugh Peacock, of Greatford



THE HON. MRS. VICTOR GILPIN AND LADY CATHERINE WILLOUGHBY

Another snapshot taken at the Cottesmore's Tilton appointment. Lord and Lady Ancaster's daughter, like so many other Leicestershire ladies, rides astride with enthusiasm, but the Hon. Mrs. Victor Gilpin remains faithful to the (perhaps more secure) side-saddle seat



AT TILTON: MRS. JAMES FINCH AND CAPT. MILLS

Truman Howell
MR. W. H. MIDWOOD, M.F.H., AND HIS WIFE

Above is a Cheshire snapshot taken recently at Tattenhall. Mr. W. H. Midwood, the owner of "Shaun Goilin," who also owned "Silvo" and hunted him himself, has been an admirable Master since 1923. Mrs. Finch (see left) is absolutely first-rate across a country. Her husband used to be Secretary to the Cottesmore. The group on the right comes from Monmouthshire, of which pack Major Herbert and Lt.-Col. Fulke Walwyn are ex-Joint Masters; the former had them alone for one season

Truman Howell
LT.-COL. WALWYN, MAJOR J. A. HERBERT AND LADY MARY HERBERT

THE WIFE
AND
CHILDREN
OF A
FAMOUS
FILM
ACTOR

MRS. CLIVE BROOK
(MILDRED EVELYN)
AND HER CHILDREN
FAITH AND CLIVE

Mrs. Clive Brook, like her husband, is all-British, and in her stage entity is Miss Mildred Evelyn. Like his wife, Clive Brook was originally on the stage proper, and when he was invalided out of the army shell-shocked, he turned actor, making his début in that amusing farce, "Fair and Warmer," in which Miss Fay Compton was the leading lady. Later on, incidentally, when he had gone over practically exclusively to the movies, he appeared with her in the screen version of A. S. M. Hutchinson's "This Freedom." Very shortly after that America annexed him, and it would be far easier to make a list of important Hollywood pictures in which he has not appeared than to catalogue those in which he has. Mr. Clive Brook is in the "Cavalcade" film, which has now been finished in America by Fox Films and is eagerly awaited on both sides of the Atlantic.





Kathleen Iddon
MISS MURIEL DICKSON (AND
"RUFFY"), OF THE D'OYLY
CARTE OPERA COMPANY

Miss Muriel Dickson plays the leading soprano parts in the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas of the present D'Oyly Carte season in London. The season ends definitely on January 21, the repertory season, which is now in progress, having started on December 12

A N old Shakespearean actor was engaged at a non-stop variety show to give tragic readings from the great poet. His reception was not hearty. When he came off the stage, he was approached by a kindly Cockney comedian who had been watching his performance from the wings.

"Don't take any notice of 'em," he said sympathetically. "I've been watching your turn, and I think you're darned funny!"

* * *

It was her first football match, and it so happened that the home team was faring badly, and the visitors bombarded the home goal persistently.

"Why have the other team scored so many goals and yours none?" she asked her escort.

"Weak backs, dear," was the reply.

"Weak backs?" she cried in astonishment. "I am surprised at that. Men who suffer from weak backs shouldn't play strenuous games like football."

* * *

"I say, old man," said the first man, in great excitement, "I put a penny in this machine, and six stamps came out."

"That's nothing," replied the second man. "I put a trouser-button in that cigarette machine, and the tobacconist came out."

and Squeak

Betty had just returned home after her first day at school. "Well, darling," asked her mother, "what did they teach you?"

"Not much," replied the child. "I've got to go again."

* * *

This is a modified version of a tale that is told of a dignitary of the Church of England, but even so we do not think it can be true. A ceremonial visit to his church was expected, and the verger was about to lay down the red carpet, but first he went among the hundreds of pigeons that collect near the cathedral, and was heard to say irritably: "Buzz off, you damn birds, buzz off!"

Turning, he found the disapproving dignitary, who said: "My good man, that is hardly the language that one expects from the custodian of a great Christian edifice. Surely it would be quite sufficient to go among the pigeons and say, 'Shoo! shoo!' and I feel sure that the damn birds would buzz off at once."



IRIS ORKLID (THE BARONESS VIOLET GAGERN)

Janet Jevons

The Austrian film actress who is held to be one of Greta Garbo's many doubles. After many successes in France and Belgium, Iris Orklid is now working under contract for the Gaumont Company at Shepherd's Bush. She is a Baroness in her own right and is a great-granddaughter of the Baron Gagern, who was the political adversary of Bismarck. Her father, Baron Hans Gagern, was, like so many others of the Austrian aristocracy, ruined by the war, and his daughter then went on the films

What's the formula for water, Jones?" asked the science master.

"H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O," spelled out the boy.

"What's that?" cried the master.

The boy slowly repeated the letters.

"What on earth are you driving at? Who gave you that idea?"

"You, sir," was the reply; "you said yesterday it was H to O."

* * * *

A small boy, aged five, had been spanked for a misdemeanour and stood in the corner to think over his transgressions. Half an hour later his father said: "You know why I spanked you, don't you, John?"

"I don't really," replied the child, "unless it's the depression."

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- Then, when your skin is stimulated and receptive, pat your cream in. You will be delighted with the results. Use Velva Cream if you have a full face, Orange Skin Food if you have a thin face in need of richer treatment. Many women use Orange Skin Food for their night treatment and Velva in the morning
- Elizabeth Arden's daily routine for the skin is described fully in her book "The Quest of the Beautiful," a copy of which Miss Arden will gladly send you, or it will be given you at any of the shops where Miss Arden's Preparations are on sale



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S T R E E T W 1



FRIENDS? . . . SAYS YOU!

And if you do, you are right, because this sleigh dog adores this immature "mugger." The "dog" is the property of the famous film man, Wolfram Junghaus, of Berlin

IN her intensely interesting contribution to history more or less recent, Lady Oxford, whom it is ever a delight to read, has been telling us of her own and her husband's friendship with the late Lord Kitchener, and I am sure that the great soldier's innumerable devotees will be grateful to her for drawing attention to a trait in his character of which, during his lifetime, only a few were aware: a keen sense of humour. Poor Fitzgerald, his Military Secretary, knew of it, certainly an officer called "Birdie" did, and so, I expect, did Sir George Arthur and a few more also; but generally it was not known, and "K" was held up to our admiration as a "grim war lord," who hated the opposite sex and had no serious pre-occupations outside his profession. This was only about a quarter of the picture. He did not hate women—not all of 'em, anyway—far from it, and he had a very definite perception of the funny side of life.

As one of many hundreds of people who were in Simla at the time when the great tourney, Civil v. Military, was at its height, I testify that "K," in sharp contrast to the other great protagonist, saw the humorous side of the conduct of that astounding duel à l'outrance. It was then hardly safe for any member of one "camp" even to have a drink at the U.S. Club with any member of the other. "Agents" seemed to be everywhere, and though some of the "Martians" were so silly as to follow the example of the "Georgians" and let this dour tussle leak into their private lives, and even went so far as to refuse dinner invitations from anyone who might be "suspect" of a contrary opinion, on the whole I am sure that the Military Departments saw as quickly as the C-in-C. how comic the whole thing was! The Pro-Consul's arrival at the Annandale Races in a plum (and apple) Jodhpur suiting (with tail coat) was nearly too much for the composure of even some of his closest adherents amongst the Honourable Misters, who were as much concerned about their deportment as they were about their department. They were (those amazing Jodhpurs), I believe, the Viceroy's only concession to militarism!

* * *

Admittedly, it was a moment when you were as wise to mind your "P's" and "Q's" as you were to mind your "C's" and "K's," but the Gunpowder Plot business was rather overdone in the civilian camp. Even a Bishop found out that he was a mug not to tread as delicately as Agag. He called H.E. by his Christian name

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

at a luncheon at Viceregal Lodge. It was a terrible *bêtise*, seeing how things were, and the general atmosphere of *l'état c'est moi* which prevailed. I have reason to know that the Grim War Lord howled with merriment when he heard about the Bishop! "K," by the way, had just been pulling the leg of a Chief Justice, to whom he referred as "a giddy moth"—in a speech he made at a Knights of the Black Heart Dinner—an ancient order which has its G.H.Q. in Simla, that Venusberg of the Himalayas. The C.J. earned the description if ever anyone did: in fact, he absolutely asked for it! He was in Simla *en garçon*! It is a dangerous place for grass-widowers! So Lady Oxford is quite right in drawing attention to "K's" sense of humour!

* * *

There is also that other incident, known probably to bundles of people, but not published during "K's" lifetime. A certain earnest trier, who was rather tired of commanding a brigade of guns in the Plains, thought he would put in his long leave in Simla and nose around for a Staff job which happened to be going. The Staff job *Shikari* probably still is a quite well-known variety, not only in Simla—and this cove was no novelty! The Brigadier was a most enthusiastic and very competent amateur actor, and also a remarkable stage manager and scenic artist. "K," by means of those quaint channels of information which he possessed, heard all about the Gunner Brigadier's little scheme and lay low to await its development. He gave the victim plenty of time to dig himself in and call round and lunch and dine and wine any Departmental Nuts and Bolts he thought might be useful to him, and then he caused his Comptroller to send the Brigadier an invitation to dine at "Snowden," the official home of Indian War Lords. After dinner "K" got hold of the Brigadier and made himself peculiarly pleasant. After luring him on for a bit he said quite suddenly:

"Been doing any acting lately, General Muskrat?"

"Oh, NO, Sir," said the victim with alacrity, "work keeps me *far* too busy. . . .!"

"Ah, what a pity," said "K,"

"because I was just going

to ask you to stage-

manage a show we

are running for the

A.T.A.—but as

you're *so* busy

it wouldn't be

fair to keep

you away

from your

Brigade!"



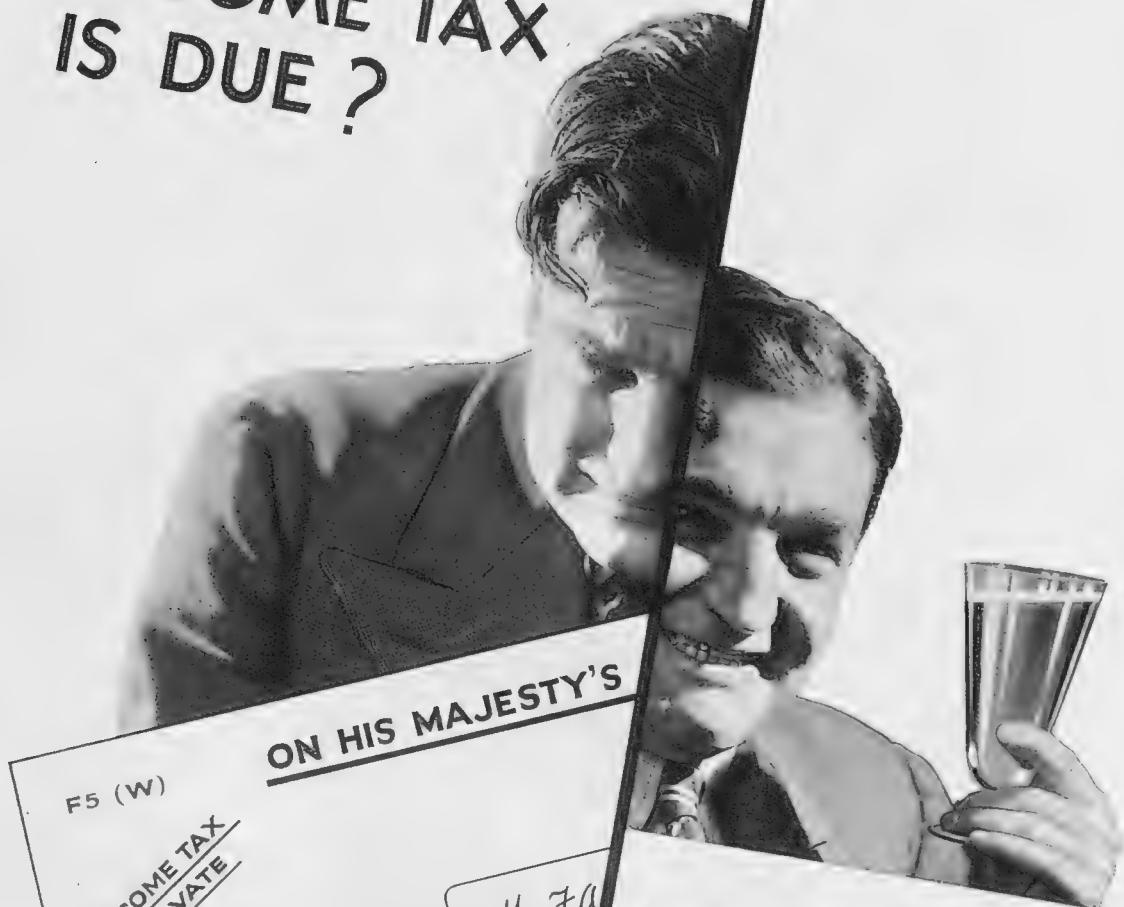
Miss Compton Collier

THE HON. MRS. KENNETH WEIR AND HER DAUGHTER

A picture captured at Capelrig, Newton Mearns, Renfrewshire, on a quite recent occasion. The Hon. Kenneth Weir is the son and heir of the first Lord Weir, who is the chairman of G. and J. Weir, Ltd., and also a director, *inter alia*, of the International Nickel Co. of Canada. Mr. Kenneth Weir was formerly

Assistant-Secretary to the Governor-General of Canada

WHAT
IF YOUR
INCOME TAX
IS DUE?



LOOK
ON THE
SUNNY SIDE
- HAVE
A
WORTHINGTON



AIR EDDIES *

By OLIVER STEWART

Aerial Resolutions.

GOOD resolutions are now in season. In the past they have not been conspicuously successful, but I think I have discovered a means of making them more successful in the future. Scientific analysis of the good resolutions made by my friends leads to the conclusion that they find no difficulty whatever in making them, but that the keeping of them is soon found to be distasteful and unnecessary. Fundamentally, the trouble is that

the person who makes a good resolution is expected to keep it himself. This is obviously impracticable, and I propose that a system should be substituted whereby good resolutions are always made for other people. For example, A resolves that B's views on the war debts are idiotic, and that during 1933 B shall refrain altogether from reference to this subject. B resolves that A's ties are loud, and that during 1933 he shall not wear that kind of tie at all.

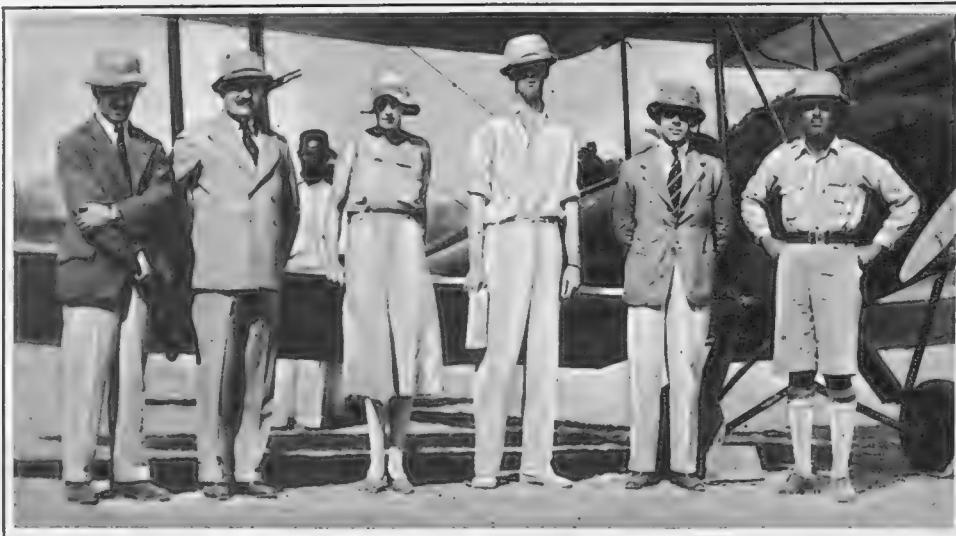
It may be objected that B will not do what A wants, and that A will not do what B wants, and that is true; but A and B will nevertheless be able to stand by their resolutions. I can see many opportunities for this system. It might be worked on book "token" lines. Instead of sending a friend a Christmas present or a New Year's card, you would send him a nicely printed Resolution as proof of your genuine interest in his welfare. In flying, the opportunities for making good resolutions for other people are numerous. It is resolved, for instance, that the Secretary to the Air Ministry shall

reduce to one ten-thousandth of the present figure the number of times he permits his signature to appear, whether written, stamped, duplicated, or printed. This would stem the flow of waste paper from the Air Ministry and be of the greatest possible assistance to flying in all its branches. Short of adopting my earlier suggestion of substituting for the present officials at the Air Ministry a complete set of cast metal officials, there is nothing more likely to help amateur flying.

For British aircraft constructors, it is resolved that they lean less heavily upon the Air Force and military aviation in general, and attempt to produce something that will be of assistance to civil flying and amateur flying in particular. When the majority of the greatest firms in the country are engaged exclusively in the production of military machines, the outlook for light aeroplanes is not as good as it might be. One firm, however brilliant, cannot ensure the rate of progress that would occur if twenty different firms were tackling the same problem.

The London Gliding Club.

IT is rather curious that the organisation that sets the best example to the world of aviation should not be a power-



AT THE DELHI AND UNITED PROVINCES FLYING CLUB

A group taken at the Lucknow centre of the Delhi and United Provinces just before the Hon. Mrs. Montagu, a sister-in-law of Lord Swaythling, left in the plane seen in the picture. The names are (from left to right): Mr. Stephenson, I.C.S., Lt. D. G. O'Connell (the Hon. Sec.), the Hon. Mrs. Montagu, Mr. R. Belville, Mr. Walcom, I.C.S., and Mr. Chablan

flying organisation at all, but a gliding organisation, the London Gliding Club. This club has made its own way and fought its own battles from the beginning. It is self-supporting; it has its own ground engineer, two hangars, and a good club-house. It possesses a large fleet of machines, seven of them true soarers, and nearly every Sunday people are busy soaring all day, even during the winter. One of the soaring machines is owned by three people, who paid £20 each for it. It was built

by Corporal Manuel at Hawkinge, and it is soared for hours on end. An endless rope, worked by an old Alvis, is used to pull the machines up to the top of the slope, although most of the experienced pilots are able to land on the top. The standard of piloting is extremely high, and has been achieved by voluntary instruction. Herr Wolf Hirth, who is chief instructor at the gliding school at Grunau, has been asked to come to the London Gliding Club's camp, and by the time these notes appear he should be there.

The enthusiasm of the club members is marked, and testifies that the unsubsidised flying organisation is superior to the subsidised as a stimulus to action. The London Gliding Club must be regarded as one of the best organisations in flying to-day. Its success is largely due to the work of Mr. Ashwell-Cooke and Mr. Thurstan James. The club sets an example which ought to be followed by the light aeroplane clubs, but I see no chance of this until Air Ministry interference in civil flying has been greatly reduced and the cost brought down within reasonable limits. Apart from the London

Gliding Club, the gliding movement is having a hard struggle at the moment. Its excellent paper, the "Sailplane," has pointed out the position and appealed for support.

Imperial Airways.

In continuance of my last week's laudatory remarks upon the work of Imperial Airways, Ltd., I must now add a note on the machines. They are built by Handley Page, Ltd., of Cricklewood. There are eight of them in service, and they have done between them about 7500 hours' flying. The National Physical Laboratory has drawn attention to their silence, and they are not so slow as is often pretended. On October 18, "Hengist" did the London-Paris trip in 85 minutes, an average speed of nearly 159 m.p.h. The maximum observed air-speed at a height of 4600 ft. is 136 m.p.h. And they offer a higher degree of comfort than any aeroplane has ever previously offered. There are, as I remarked last week, two things about the Imperial lines which demand adverse criticism; but I must leave these for a future occasion, only remarking here that they refer to the interior decoration of the machines and to the luncheons that are served in them.



Hay Wrightson
MRS. KAYE DON

The charming American wife of the famous Speed King, who recaptured the water record for Great Britain in 1931 (103.73 m.p.h.). Mr. and Mrs. Kaye Don were married this year, and she is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard J. Martin, of Greenwich, Connecticut, U.S.A.

THE BEDFORDSHIRE
YEOMANRY BALL

MISS D. DEAN, MRS. WHITBREAD, MISS E. RIDDELL, COLONEL RIDDELL, D.S.O., COLONEL S. G. ISITT (THE C.O. UNIT), AND MR. WHITBREAD



MISS SCOTT AND CAPTAIN L. BOLTON (THE ADJUTANT)



CAPTAIN NEWGASS, MRS. NEWGASS, MISS MIRIAM OWEN, MR. NOEL LLOYD, AND MR. THURSFIELD

It seems scarcely necessary to say that everyone enjoyed themselves at this Yeomanry Ball in Bedford because the expressions on the countenances even at the moment when they are being flash-shot seem to be quite a sufficient advertisement. In the group with the O.C. (Col. Isitt) the 10th Army Field Brigade, R.A., formerly the Bedfordshire Yeomanry, a Lancer regiment, are the wife and son of the Lord-Lieutenant, Mr. Samuel Whitbread, who is also President of the Bedfordshire Territorial Army Association. Mrs. Whitbread is a daughter of the late Major the Hon. Edward Bourke, who was a kinsman of the former Earl of Mayo. Captain Bolton, the Adjutant of the Bedfordshire Yeomanry, is a Gunner and Captain Colliver, who is in the snapshot with his wife, is the Adjutant of the 5th Battalion Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment



MISS VIOLET CRESSWELL-WARD, MR. CYRIL BRYCE SMITH, MISS ENA CHALONER, AND MR. CHALONER

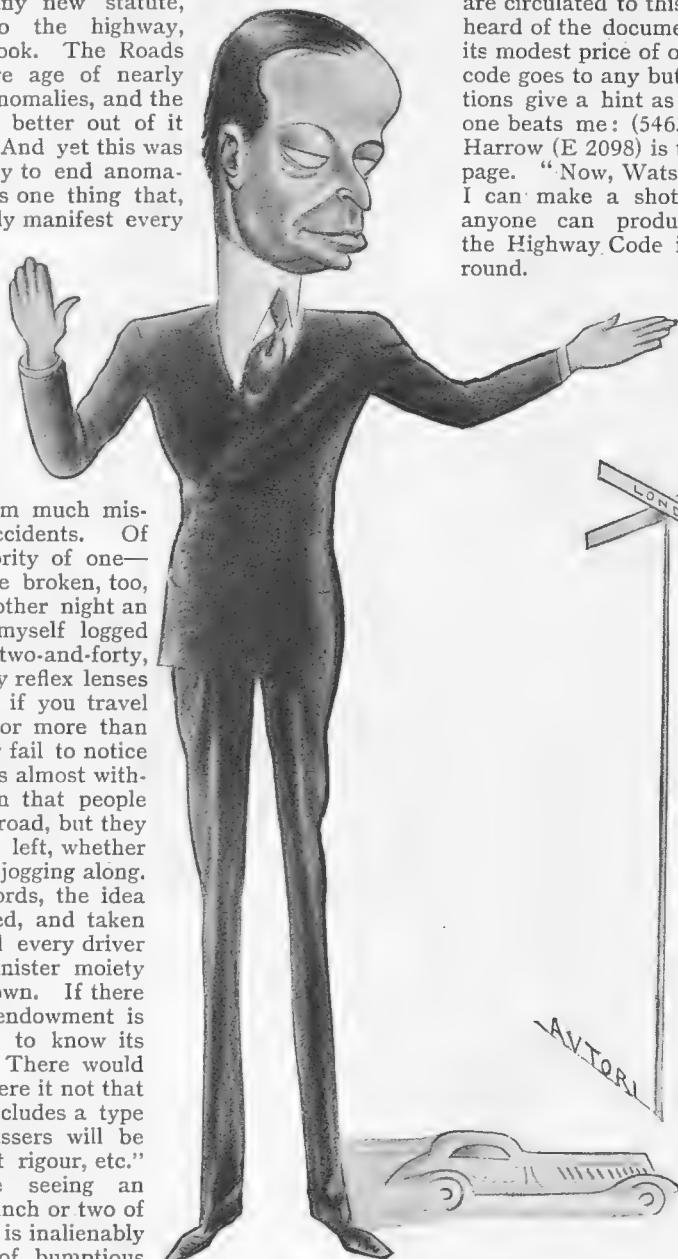


CAPTAIN AND MRS. A. H. COLLIVER

PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON

Decision Wanted.

I HAVE such a well-grounded horror of the Law, and all that its interpretation implies—its delay, its enormous expense, its concentration on detail rather than on principle, the appalling incompetence of its practitioners, and all the rest of its jiggery-pokery—that I would be the last person in the world to suggest that any new statute, especially one relating to the highway, should be put upon the book. The Roads Traffic Act, at the mature age of nearly three years, is still full of anomalies, and the attorneys are doing rather better out of it than they really deserve. And yet this was supposed to be an anomaly to end anomalies. Nevertheless there is one thing that, as is becoming increasingly manifest every day, does badly want "seeing to," and that is the jolly old Rule of the Road. If you liked to take the utterly wrong meaning of the quotation you could say that it was "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." The truth is that it is not honoured at all, and thereby hangs, or I am much mistaken, a long tale of accidents. Of course, it isn't in a minority of one—other trifling regulations are broken, too, as, for instance, when the other night an interested passenger and myself logged eighteen cyclists, out of two-and-forty, whose two-penny ha'-penny reflex lenses were entirely invisible—but if you travel on any main road to-day for more than ten minutes you can hardly fail to notice that the Rule of the Road is almost without force. By this I mean that people keep on the left half of the road, but they do not strictly keep to the left, whether they are hustling or merely jogging along. Of late years, in other words, the idea seems to have been planted, and taken vigorous root, that any and every driver is entitled to regard the sinister moiety of the road as entirely his own. If there is any law in which this endowment is made I should dearly like to know its name and superscription. There would not be much harm in this were it not that in these days motordom includes a type of driver with the "trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour, etc." mentality. Such an one seeing an approaching car taking an inch or two of the surface which he thinks is inalienably his own, will in a spirit of bumptious bravado drive straight at the quite innocent person whom he deems, in his nasty temper, to be an offender. This foul type of road-hog is not content with having ample space for his passage, he demands, and insists upon, one half of the entire width of the road, full measure, pressed down by an efficient steam-roller, and running over with tar dressing. According to my observation the number of people who do this kind of dirtiness is increasing every day. I should like to think that the mobile police, for whom we pay so dearly, took some cognizance of this state of affairs, but as yet I see no indication that they even realize it exists. Someone in authority should announce very definitely that the Rule of the Road, plus the provisions of the Highway Code, confer merely the right of a free passage of reasonable width, but definitely does not entitle any driver to assume that one-half of the road belongs to him. In this



THE R.A.C. SECRETARY-COMMANDER
F. P. ARMSTRONG

Commander Philip Armstrong, the secretary and general manager of the world-famous establishment, the Royal Automobile Club, the one with the biggest membership in London, is a barrister by profession, but came out of the war (undamaged) as a commander of the R.N.V.R. He is a brother of and heir presumptive to Sir George Armstrong, Bart.

rhythmic beat of them is slightly upset. The scheme is analogous to the notion of marching soldiers traversing a bridge out of step. This irregular spacing is hardly perceptible to the eye and has no influence whatever upon the durability of the cover. It is a very clever thing and should work well. Anyway, I am sure that I have demonstrated that human ingenuity is doing its darndest to emphasize the fact that silence is golden.

dangerous fallacy he is, of course, too often supported by needless white and yellow lines. By the way, this nicely-composed little Highway Code suggests a question. It contains certain paragraphs addressed to Drivers of Horse-Drawn Vehicles, to Persons in Charge of Animals, to Pedal Cyclists, and to Pedestrians. I just wonder how many copies of this booklet are circulated to this class of reader—if any. Has anyone ever heard of the document being purchased by any of them, even at its modest price of one penny. Personally, I doubt whether the code goes to any but motor-drivers. Most Government publications give a hint as to the extent of the printing order, but this one beats me: (5463) Wt. 43526/P 2496 B/1742 3000 m 4/31 Harrow (E 2098) is the cryptogram at the bottom of the front page. "Now, Watson, you know my methods. Apply them!" I can make a shot at 4/31 . . . but the rest! But if anyone can produce evidence that any cattle-drover has the Highway Code in his possession I am ready to buy drinks round.

* * *

Towards True Silence.

I doubt if there is any more interesting aspect of automobile design than that which relates to the elimination of noise. When I first took a wheel in my adventurous hand it was the intolerable clatter of the exhaust that manufactured motor-phobes by the million, and provided many jokes for comic artists. And, in passing, I would mention that a modern "silencing" system is very much what it was thirty years ago. However, something had to be done; and it was done . . . the exhaust retired up stage. Upon that the valves and valve gear promptly took the centre of the stage. By and by, they, having done their little turn long enough, were duly driven off, and another performer took their place. This was the dearly beloved gear-box. No sooner had that been quietened down than the voice of the back axle was heard. And so it continued, on the "one down t'other come up" principle. The automobile engineer can't complain that he has had no Aunt Sally to shy at. So it has come to this that, not only in just a few very special cars, but even in quite a lot, the tyres have appeared as quite noisy components, easily distinguished in a chorus that never in *tutti* rises much above the pianissimo. Just imagine what would have been thought if anyone in 1900, say, had complained about the noise of tyres. Or, for the matter of that, windows and screens. Well, anyhow, the ingenious folk who are responsible for the Goodyear tyre have for some time been employed upon the sound problem, and by all accounts they seem to have solved it successfully, and that without sacrificing any of the hold which a good non-skid should have upon the road. Instead of arranging the diamond-shaped blocks and grooves with exact symmetry, they progressively alter them in dimensions, so that the regular

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

"Why does the

COLD MAN SHIVER?

Because he let his

Mississippis

BOVRIL™



HIS HEAD

By J. P. BRADY

"Confound it, you didn't come in to spout Kipling, did you? What is it you want? Cough it up!"

Sher Mahomed sighed. These English had no finesse. However —

"The rain, sir, has been very heavy in my district," he began, but the A.S.P. broke in again. "As the result of the rain your house has collapsed, leaving your young family and numerous aged relatives homeless, eh? In other words, you've come to have another shot at that spell of leave?"

"That is so, sir," said Sher Mahomed, keeping his dignity in trying circumstances.

"Also, I wish to consult my doctor about my appendix. I have to make arrangements about the marriage of my daughter, and —"

"All old stuff, Sher Mahomed, very stereotyped," said the A.S.P. Then, unexpectedly he added, "However, you've got it."

"Sir?"

"You've got your leave," said the A.S.P., pushing a letter across for the sub-Inspector to look at.

The sub-Inspector had only been five minutes back in his own room when Constable No. 3492 Ali Khan, coming off morning duty, splashed through the compound and mounted the steps of the court-house. He took off his cape, the oilskin cover of his red and blue police turban, and his puttees, and was about to squeeze the water out of them when he happened to see an umbrella that someone had left out to drain.

It was a solemn, respectable old umbrella, yet Ali Khan looked at it with a sudden vast grin that threatened to split the big square wooden block of his face. He squeezed the cape and puttees into the umbrella.

Ali Khan's sense of humour always had this charming simplicity, but he must not be underestimated, for he was none the less an artist. Let him once conceive the idea of a jest worthy of him, and he would work it out with infinite patience for days—for weeks, even. Of course, he was a nuisance. Artists always are.

Singing, Ali Khan entered the office, where the havildar on duty told him that the Sahib wanted to see him. Waiting only to put his puttees on again, the constable made his way to the A.S.P.'s room.

"Look at this, Ali Khan," said the A.S.P.

"This," was a photograph cut from the current number of the "Gazette." In the margin someone had written in pencil: "I think this is the only photograph ever obtained." The picture was that of a small man with a big head. The features were regular and handsome, eyes deeply set, jaw heavy. The nose was particularly sharp and prominent. The general effect was that of a dangerous character—the sort of man that quiet people like to see described as "the late so-and-so."

Having scrutinized the photograph Ali Khan looked stolidly at the A.S.P.

"Who is it?" asked the officer.

"It is Glonda, the dacoit."

"You are sure?"

"I am sure. Glonda was once captured. He escaped. The servant of huzoor was one of the guard that let him slip. This perhaps is known to huzoor?"

The A.S.P. nodded. It was because he knew it that he had sent for Ali Khan. "You can go," he said, briefly.

For a moment Ali Khan hesitated as if he had intended to say something. Then, thinking better of it, he saluted with a

Dudley Tunney

SUB-INSPECTOR SHER MAHOMED, of the Punjab Police, stood on the veranda of the District Court of Rajpore and idly watched the rain that had almost turned the court-house compound into a lake. For once he was not thinking about the decorative value of his six-feet-two commanding expression enhanced by a scimitar-like nose and immaculate khaki. His thoughts instead were taken up by his chances of a spot of leave and by what he intended to do with the leave if he got it.

Abruptly squaring his shoulders, he strode determinedly to the end of the veranda and pushed aside the striped curtain that hung at the door of the room where the Assistant Superintendent of Police was working.

The A.S.P. looked up at Sher Mahomed's entry and growled. "Hundreds of bleedin' files to wade through. What d'ye want?"

"Only routine work, sir," said the sub-Inspector soothingly, referring to the files. "Some hundreds of signatures, sir, and then, duty done, lunch may be enjoyed."

"You are trying to be funny, Sher Mahomed?" asked the A.S.P.

The sub-Inspector anxiously waved the suggestion away. "No, sir, no! We Indians lack the sense of funniness—exactly," he added humbly, "as a camel is ignorant of type-writing."

"So you think your people have no sense of humour, eh? How is it that only the other day you were grousing about one of the headquarters men, Ali Khan, because his sense of humour was a nuisance?"

"Ali Khan, sir!" The sub-Inspector's tone expressed polite regret at such an obscure person being dragged into the conversation. "A block, sir, a mere buffalo. He practical jokes too much, it is true, but that is not humour. The East has much philosophy, sir, but no humour. As Kipling immortally says, 'East is East and West is —'"

His Head—continued

smartness surprising in a man of such clumsy build, and withdrew. Time enough, he decided, to speak to the Sahib about his leave if that son of a pig of a sub-Inspector still proved obstructive.

He proceeded to test the point without delay and found it unexpectedly easy to gain admittance to the sub-Inspector's presence.

The first thing that he saw on his superior's table was another copy of the photograph that the A.S.P. had shown him. The constable glanced casually at it and then immediately introduced the subject of his call.

"This unseasonable rain has caused my house to fall with a crash, completely, suddenly. Behold wife, children, parents, a hundred aged relatives, thus homeless. I must rebuild before the real rainy season begins six weeks from now."

Sub-Inspector Sher Mahomed made no immediate reply. His deeply-set eyes met those of the constable, and the silence that followed had a curious tension in it. Between the spruce, college-trained officer and the slovenly constable there was such an obvious gulf that there seemed to be no reason for any particular feeling, but a closer look at the two men suggested that they were not so far asunder after all. The sub-Inspector's polish was only a veneer, the constable was not such a fool as he looked, and both of them would clearly be tough customers in a crisis.

"Last week you wanted leave because you had malaria. Can you think of nothing new, you camel?" said the sub-Inspector at last. Without waiting for an answer he took up a copy of a vernacular newspaper and pointed to a marked paragraph describing the latest outrage by the dacoit Glonda, for whose capture alive or dead a large reward had long been on offer. "I am told that this is your newspaper and that you marked this paragraph."

Ali Khan shook his head.

"I am told that you asked for leave because you intended to spend it in chasing Glonda," went on the sub-Inspector in a tone of infinite contempt. "You intended to match your remarkable brains against his. Is that so?"

"No," replied Ali Khan.

"You are a liar, but you can have your leave all the same," said Sher Mahomed, improving on the manner in which he himself had been dismissed by the A.S.P.

"Go."

Two days later the chief clerk of the police superintendent's office returned to duty after an absence due to illness. He was a little elderly Hindu who knew the private histories of the whole staff. He had not been occupied very long with the papers accumulated on his desk before he hurried away to see the Assistant Superintendent.

"I notice, sir, that sub-Inspector Sher Mahomed and Sepoy Ali Khan have been allowed to proceed simultaneously on leave. Do you know, sir, that there is a feud between the families of these men? At present the side of Sher Mahomed are, as you say in English, one up. It is common talk in their district that there will be another fight soon. Also it is said that these two wish to catch Glonda while on leave."

"Together?" asked the A.S.P. in surprise.

"No, no, sir. Separately. I mean, it is a private speculation of each of them."

"Speculation is the word," said the A.S.P. drily. "Glonda is a highly efficient person. But why haven't I heard all this before?"

The head clerk adjusted the fringe of his shawl, which was tickling his neck, and beamed at the A.S.P. through his thick glasses. "The mysterious Orient, sir, always presents these problems. As Kipling says, 'East is ——'"

"Blast Kipling!" exploded the A.S.P. "He and some others have stuffed your heads with a lot of tripe about yourselves." Recovering from his irritation he resumed: "Anyhow, they've both gone. We can't help it."

The chief clerk reflected that if two Muhammadans chose to eliminate each other it was nothing to worry about, so he passed on to another topic. "This photograph of Glonda in the 'Gazette,' sir. Is it going to be useful?"

"Ali Khan says it is a perfect likeness."

"Yes," said the chief clerk dubiously, "but to me it seems a not uncommon type of face."

"That may be. But you mustn't look at the face only. Glonda is a queer bird—head and shoulders too big for the rest of him."

"Yet it is strange, sir," the chief clerk persisted. "Glonda's is not an unusual face. He is, for instance, exactly like one of our staff—in face."

"Like whom?"

"Like sub-Inspector Sher Mahomed, sir," said the chief clerk.

This conversation took place on the thirty-first of May.

On the third of June an order to return from leave was posted to Constable Ali Khan.

On the twelfth of June, no reply having been received from Ali Khan, an order of recall was wired to sub-Inspector Sher Mahomed.

On the eighteenth of June repeat wires were sent to both men.

On the twenty-third of June the A.S.P. received a letter which contained the post-office receipt for a registered parcel. He hurriedly sent for the chief clerk, and a messenger was despatched to the post-office to get the parcel.

"Whose writing is this on the envelope?" asked the A.S.P. while they awaited the return of the messenger.

"An ordinary handwriting, sir," said the chief clerk. "Alas! I am not Sherlock Holmes. I think the writing may be Sher Mahomed's, but I am not sure."

The A.S.P. glared at him, and then at the envelope. It showed the Delhi postmark of the previous evening, and was addressed, in the vernacular:

To the Highly Honourable Assistant Superintendent of Police, Sahib Bahadur.

"The Delhi postmark," said the A.S.P., biting his lips, "and you say Sher Mahomed was seen at Delhi ——"

"—— ten days ago," said the chief clerk.

"While this is yesterday's postmark. Not much guidance there, is there? Well, I'll call you when the parcel arrives."

The A.S.P. was still trying to determine whether the uninformative envelope had been addressed by Sher Mahomed when the chief clerk returned. He was grinning broadly.

"Ali Khan, sir, has arrived," he announced.

The A.S.P. uttered an exclamation and half rose. Then he said, "Send him in."

Ali Khan, when he entered, showed no consciousness of anything unusual. He was carrying his travelling blanket under his arm. He advanced to the desk, saluted, and waited.

"You are late. Where have you been?" asked the A.S.P.

"Huzoor, I have been earning the reward."

"What?" cried the A.S.P., startled out of his official calm.

"The reward for the capture of Glonda," said Ali Khan.

The A.S.P. looked at him narrowly. "You have captured Glonda?"

"I have killed him," Ali Khan answered simply. "I was wounded, and thus I am late."

"What proof have you?"

The constable smiled. "Huzoor, proof will be produced. Is it your pleasure that I should tell my story?"

The A.S.P. nodded rather irritably. He did not feel that he had the situation as well in hand as he would have liked.

Ali Khan moistened his lips and, staring hard at the wall over the A.S.P.'s head, told his story as if repeating something that had been given to him to learn by heart.

"Huzoor, one morning I was walking along the road to Ushkar, which is a village in Pathan country but not far from Peshawar. I was going to visit relatives. By the roadside I saw a man sitting, a little man, very broad, with a big head and large nose. I called to him: 'May you never know weariness.' He replied: 'May you never know feebleness.' I said: 'I am thirsty. Have you any water?' He said: 'No.' I said: 'I will sit in the shade for a while beside you. It is very hot.' Now observe, huzoor, my difficulty. At first I had spoken to the man without knowing him. Then I saw it was Glonda. I knew that he remembered me. A face that he saw once he knew for ever. He had a rifle. If I passed by he would shoot me in the back. He had a long knife. If I fought him hand to hand there, too, he would have the advantage. But why so many words, huzoor? I sat down on his right, took a stone in my right hand, and struck him a great blow. You may see the mark on the head, huzoor. He was a tough man and that blow was not enough, but it was the first. So I had the advantage, and though he stabbed me twice with his knife, I took him by the chin and shoulders and broke his neck. The story is ended."

"And very nice, too," said the A.S.P. to the chief clerk. "What do you think of that for a yarn?"

"I think it is lies," the chief clerk answered. "But who can tell?"

(Continued on p. vi)

EVE AT

GOLF

By
ELEANOR E. HELME

Miss Diana Plumpton put Essex in the limelight at last week's Golf Ball by winning the long driving competition, which was one of the many amusing alternatives to dancing

Miss Gourlay in soft cerise, Miss Plumpton in pale apricot. Yes, that was the golfing event of the evening, the way these last two drove one against the other in the long driving competition, each in turn holding the lead until finally Miss Plumpton's thousand yards for five shots was the winning total, only a couple of hundred yards less than Mr. Fairlie achieved to win the men's.

Putting, of the weird variety, approaching, grooved swinging laminated shafts—they were all there to experiment with, even if some placed frocks in grave peril and others ankles, so that high-heeled slippers had to be discarded before hitting the ball.

It was all very cheerful and pleasant, a welcome change to some courses at the moment. Think of what these are now.

Mud, acres and acres of it, clinging round your heels, embroidering fancy patterns round your ankles. As the round goes on, perhaps even decorating your calves and fringing the bottom of your skirt—unless, perhaps, you defy 1932 fashion and wear your skirt of 1930 length; mud everywhere, on your ball so that it stays where it pitches, or, if local rule allows, must be wiped before you attempt to putt into the hole. In the hole itself there may be mud, there certainly will be water. When you get back to the club house, more mud, chunks, gobbets of it strewn round the more or less effective scraper at the front door. A trail of it leads upwards into the dressing-room. Let us hope it stays there. The winter golfer who takes no change of shoes with her does not deserve to set foot inside a lounge, nor perhaps anywhere except a hospital for the rheumatic or a lunatic asylum. Let no reader imagine I have been playing golf on her home course. My last three rounds have been played on courses of purest sand. Only, I have a horrid mental picture of what golf would be like to-day if I were to leave the fireside for some courses within 100 miles of London.

I rather fancy that clubs want to grasp this mud problem more courageously. Why refuse to have a local rule allowing you to wipe on the green, or to have a really efficient scraper on your front door because such provisions advertise to the world that your course does suffer in the winter months from mud? It is nothing to be ashamed of, though in affluent and scientific days to come possibly some means of combating the nasty stuff will be found. In the meantime it is surely better to make the best of a bad job by making local rules and what not. I should like, for instance, to take off my hat to the club of my acquaintance which has the best scraper; the kind which works with a handle and a pulley. But would they take it as a compliment? I doubt it.

When one comes to think of it, though, it is perhaps hardly surprising that clubs are so jealous of their reputation in this matter because the right soil is one of the possessions which most people would put near the top of the list if asked to name the first requisites of the perfect club for a prospective member. I suppose that list would be something like this—though I hasten to add no prize is offered for placing them in their right order.

1. Sandy soil.
2. Real interest of holes.
3. Perfect greens.
4. Scenery.
5. Well-kept fairways and perfectly raked bunkers.
6. Comfortable but not ostentatious club house.

If one had to add any more, they would put "members that one likes to play" with, and a capable secretary who manages to give each member the impression that he wishes him or her to enjoy themselves. Yes, undoubtedly the soil comes first, and there is no doubt about it that enjoyment of golf depends very largely on what lies underneath the turf. The trouble is when the soil leaves its rightful place and oozes through in the form of mud. The perfect soil cannot alone make an interesting course, but at least it gives the possibility, whilst the best planned holes in the world may be made dull or even unfair by heavy soil which gives no chance to play the shots that the architect intended.

And that, from a strictly golfing point of view, is where requirement No. 2 is so important. Unless the holes give us something to think about, make us want to come back and tackle them again, because even if we failed last time we are sure we could do them this time, or even if we did do them well last time we yet have a sneaking doubt that we might make a mess of them now—unless a hole has that fascination the best soil in the world will not make us want to play it again.

For No. 3, "Perfect greens," I do not for an instant say easy greens. They may be the dullest greens in the world. We all like difficulties, when we have overcome them. What we do not like is missing short putts after apparently laying the long ones dead, and for that reason the perfect green ought to have enough flat space on it for the hole to be cut where a yard putt is not persistently a nightmare. Not that every short putt must be flat, or courage and delicacy of touch will reap no reward, but golfers do occasionally like to feel some certainty, some momentary relaxation from strain.

That is why requirement No. 4, "Scenery," is no mere æsthetic one. There must be a moment when the golfer, instead of contemplating the vileness of his or her own game, can look up and say, "What a heavenly view!" There are moments when one puts the scenery before the golf. One can get scenery without paying an entrance fee of many guineas and a subscription of not much less, yet other things being equal give me the course with scenery. Well-kept fairways and perfectly attended bunkers come under the same heading as perfect greens. We want the bad shots punished, but not the good ones, and heel marks in a bunker or plantains on a fairway do not differentiate between the good and the bad.

As for the club house, neat not gaudy seems to be the watchword, a club house built for the purpose, and not a mansion that has come down in the world. Some, of course, have come up by their conversion, and against such let nobody say a word.

So much for the inanimate attributes of a golf club. But possibly some will say that the human should have come first—congenial members, efficient secretary, before even soil, layout, upkeep, scenery. Tastes differ.



Mrs. Percy Garon, the Essex International, was also keeping her eye on the Golf Ball at Grosvenor House. She is the holder, with Mrs. Clarke, of "The Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes.



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IT seems to me that January and winter sales are synonymous words, to which must be added the name of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford St., W.1. The catalogue is ready and will be sent on application. Among the notable attractions in the lingerie department are those pictured on this page. In the centre is a broché crêpe de chine nightgown, and although it is trimmed with lace the cost is merely 15s. The one on the right is of satin relieved with lace; it is 20s. On the left is a flowered crêpe de chine affair for the same price; it is enriched with lace

Sale Time

is

Bargain Time

By M. E. BROOKE



SURELY it cannot be an exaggeration to state that the greatest bargains in Marshall and Snelgrove's sale are the pure silk Legui stockings; first quality in all the fashionable shades they are 5s. a pair, previously they were 12s. 9d. The prices of footwear have been drastically reduced, and as boots and shoes improve by keeping advantage should be taken of the present low prices



IT is pleasant news that the true tea-gown is coming into its own again, therefore those that are being offered at Marshall and Snelgrove's sale must be seen at the earliest opportunity. There are dignified affairs in velvet for 7½ guineas, and others of the wrap-over character for 6½ guineas. Wonderful value is present in the wool-back satin dressing-gowns for 45s. 9d., and then there are English quilted ones for 27s. 9d. In the petticoat department there are fancy crêpe de chine slips for £1, they were 29s. 6d., and there is an infinite variety at 29s. 6d. and 35s. 6d.



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It was a happy thought on the part of H. and M. Rayne (58, New Bond Street and Regent Street), the makers of beautiful shoes, not only to show their creations, but the "accents," just those things that make them a little different. They are responsible for the applause they receive in all parts of the world. Those pictured will be worn at dances, dinners, and other modish functions during the ensuing months

Now, turning from generalities to details, the important feature of the Athèle model (top left), expressed in corded silk, is the satin ribbon lacing at the heel and toe. It is particularly becoming to the foot. The Trefly Court model is of velvet, a geranium-red shade; the important feature is the ornamentation on the toe; it is cut out like broderie anglaise and then embroidered

Midnight blue velvet and crêpe de chine share honours in the Frazine model on the left; note the decoration at the base of the strap—its shape is conical and there is a buckle in the centre. The black crêpe and velvet Velcy model of the Court persuasion is enriched with eyelet holes and a satin bow, thus leaving an attractive hiatus

Although the Mezine shoe pictured at the base of this page on the left is of black satin and crêpe, it is also available in brocade and silver kid. Views of the heel as well as the toe are given as they are both of interest. At the base of the page on the right the Azele model will be seen; the "accents," or most important features in this instance, are the twisted straps. It is a revolutionary as well as artistic development

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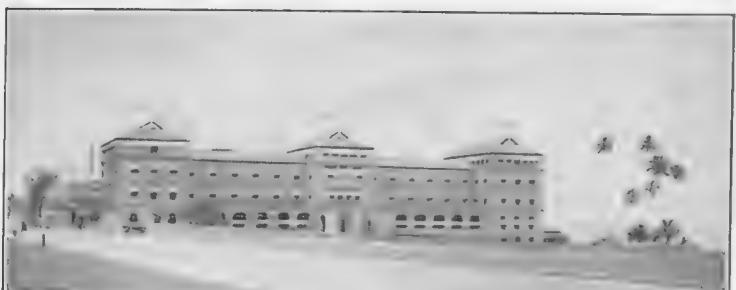
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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Dresses of Chintz.

With a daring that is fully justified, Threshers, Conduit Street, are making a feature of chintz frocks; they are particularly decorative and inexpensive, and should a troublesome spot appear it may be sponged off; hence they are ideal for cruising. A much to be desired model expressed in this fabric appears on this page, and of it one may become the possessor for 6½ guineas, the taffeta cape being 1 guinea extra. Again, there are thoroughly practical pyjamas; the trousers are made of natural-coloured linen, and the Aertex shirts have short sleeves; and there are others of washing ray-de-chine. Pretty breakfast jackets of viyella are 1 guinea; they are trimmed with silk to match the predominating shade in the fabricating medium.

A Red-Letter Day.

To-day, Liberty's (Regent Street, W.) winter sale begins; no catalogue is issued in connection with the event, therefore a visit is essential. Included in it are 1,000 Persian rugs from 63s. each and upwards; then there are 115,000 yards of cretonne in exclusive and beautiful designs; they are 30 in. wide and are suitable for curtains, loose covers, etc.; they range in price from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 11d. a yard. Furthermore, there is an infinite variety of British floral cottons from 5s. a dress length.

Drastic Reductions.

It is not until January 3 that Marshall and Snelgrove's (Manchester) sale begins. As the model departments do not carry on stocks from one season to another, everything is cleared regardless of cost. A visit must be paid in order that the gilt-edged investments in sports wear, millinery, furs, and lingerie, etc., be realized.

A Sale of Footwear.

No one must miss Abbott's (324, Oxford Street, W.) sale, as the prices of all the footwear have been submitted to unusual reductions. There are real python shoes

in three different shapes for 20s. instead of 32s. 6d.; then there are tan willow brogued tie shoes for 15s., and Kuranger snake shoes in three styles for the same price, and Whipsnade calf models (black and brown); again, the cost is the same. It is no exaggeration to state that there are literally thousands of pairs of shoes that are being well-nigh given away.

A Sale Catalogue of Interest.

A particularly interesting sale catalogue is that of Dickins and Jones, Regent Street; it is worthy of careful study, and will be sent gratis and post free. It seems almost unnecessary to state that the prices of everything have been slaughtered. This sale affords every woman the opportunity of replenishing her wardrobe for an extremely modest outlay. There are evening capes of white velour ermine for 29s. 6d., scarf cravats in the same material are 13s. 9d., cuffs to match being 9s. 11d. per pair. It is on January 2 that this sale begins.

Throughout January.

It is on Monday next at 10 o'clock that Bradley's, Chepstow Place, W., sale begins; the catalogue (sent gratis and post free) should be carefully studied ere a visit

be paid. During the sale tailored suits are made to order at special prices. Here is an example of what the sale really does mean; for instance, an original model cape and skirt in dark or light grey material, the collar faced in lighter grey, is 4½ guineas, original price 10½ guineas. An original tailored model in soft blue velveteen, the coat being generously trimmed with mohair, is 12 guineas, original price 25 guineas. Furthermore, there are a few sports hats for 12s. 11d. And the prices which prevail in the fur department are quite unprecedented. There are jackets of white lamb for 5 guineas, while Indian lamb coats, collared and cuffed with black fox, are 10 guineas, and this is likewise the cost of white sheared rabbit evening coats.



Models: Threshers

Picture by Blake

A FASHIONABLE EVENING ENSEMBLE

Designed and carried out by Threshers, 5, Conduit Street. The dress is of spongeable chintz and the cape of taffeta

gratuit and post free. It is no exaggeration to state that the model millinery wraps and dresses have had their prices curtailed by half, and in some instances more. And, of course, the children's toys that were not sold before are to be disposed of at wonderfully pleasant prices. An outstanding attraction in the lingerie department is a floral satin nightdress, with coatee to match trimmed with narrow net frills; the former is 27s. 9d. and the latter 18s. 9d., and the colours are white, green, pink, blue, and lemon. Wraps, coats, suitable for cruising and country wear in general are being offered at reduced prices.

Gilt-edge Investments at Birmingham.

And there are many gilt-edge investments to be encountered at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Warwick House, Birmingham. There are Astra Curl short coats, usual price 49s. 6d., now 29s. 6d.; they look so smart in the early spring. A note must be made of the fact that there are only sixty dozen "Jill hose" for 4s. 11d., usual price 12s. 9d.; they are French service weight stockings with fancy lace clox and feet reinforced with silk. Neither must it be overlooked that there are English Degrain gloves lined with wool, with fur wrists and cuffs, for 5s. 11d., original price 12s. 11d.

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FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES—*cont. from p. 532*

It was windy weather when the South met at Highfield Station on Saturday (17th), but all the same we had quite an enjoyable day and Littleworth caught his third fox in the three days hounds have been out this week. One Holderness maiden performed the feat of re-plaiting her sister's hair without either of them dismounting, the said plait being then secured by a piece of string provided by a kind lady who apparently carries a supply for this purpose. About half-a-dozen motorists followed us religiously all day, but with the country as flat as a pancake one really wonders what fun it was, as they could hardly have seen anything.

From Warwickshire

What bitter cold in Warwick Park, though a great scent in covert! Our fox in sheer desperation at being headed in every direction swam the river—we did not. Another specimen gave a short gallop to the gardens at Moreton Wood. Altogether, not a day to write home about, though possibly Yda did so, as she was not given *quite* room to fall! Tuesday at Long Compton disclosed an unrelenting fog, but our officials do not easily accept defeat, and we rode from covert to covert, trying to discover a clear enough spot to hunt till patience was at length rewarded by a fox which jumped up in a rough field, and gave us twenty minutes at a fair hunting pace when the dog hounds rolled him over. Shuckburgh produced the usual crowd with reinforcements from Weedon and the Pytchley country, and as a pilot went away immediately from the top covert with a burning scent there was a proper avalanche down the hill. Hounds were so close on his brush he couldn't bear it, and disappeared down the hill into a watery drain, emerging a miserable object. Not finished, however, by a long chalk, he was fairly raced over the Daventry Road and on to Flecknoe Village, where hounds caught him at Nethercote.

From Lincolnshire

Scent having improved, hunting the fox is now going very well. Two days of outstanding merit with the Southwold (Harrington pack) have recently been recorded. On the day hounds met at Major Newman's place—Scrimby Manor—they found a stout-hearted "fellah" in the Sweetpits, and hunted him over a wide expanse of Fen country which hounds had hardly ever been known to cross before. Practically everybody was thrown out by the difficulties of river and railway, and when the hunt collapsed in a sleet-storm, hounds were within a mile or so of the North Sea! It was a memorable gallop, with an eight-mile point, and no check for seventy-five minutes.

Another great day was from Haugham Guide Post. Hounds then ran a Legbourne Wood fox almost continuously for three hours—in zig-zag fashion, it is true—but they crossed miles of country (some put it at twenty), all, however, in a circumscribed area, and it was only by changing foxes at a critical moment that the "dappled darlings" were deprived of a meal which they had so richly earned. It was certainly a feather in the cap of their huntsman, Major Jessop, to bring off two such tip-top gallops on successive days.

HIS HEAD—continued from p. 563

There was a long silence while the A.S.P. drummed on the table with his fingers. The chief clerk at length leaned towards him and whispered: "The parcel from the post-office has arrived. May it be brought into the office?"

The A.S.P. nodded without taking his eyes from Ali Khan, who stared straight ahead of him like a statue.

"You said you had proof," said the A.S.P. suddenly, and Ali Khan came to life. He laid his rolled-up travelling blanket on the table and began to open it, while the chief clerk entered behind him with a round package in his hands, and stood watching.

Inside Ali Khan's blanket was an old shirt. Rolled in that was a sheet of black wax-cloth. Within the wax-cloth was another cloth wrapping.

"Leave that," said the A.S.P. sharply. "Go."

Ali Khan stood still. "The reward will surely be mine?" he inquired stubbornly.

"Go," yelled the A.S.P., making a step towards him. .

"Open the other parcel," said the A.S.P., seating himself and mopping his brow. "This thing is beyond me. The devil has worked it all out like some damned thing on the stage."

The chief clerk clicked with his tongue in sympathetic agreement as he undid the wrappings of the postal parcel. The A.S.P. completed the unwrapping of the other. Both men were oppressed by a sense of horror.

Behind them the door hanging opened noiselessly, and the head of Ali Khan appeared to see the joke of his life consummated. His mouth opened in the cavernous, silent laugh that the jest of squeezing the water into the umbrella had called forth. He saw the Assistant Superintendent and the chief clerk remove the last of the coverings and set upon the table, facing each other, to grin a ghastly grin of deathless, baffled hate at each other, the heads, the dried and dreadful heads, of sub-Inspector Sher Mahomed and Glonda, the dacoit.

"But—which is which?" said the A.S.P. viciously.

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edition of "Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes" with the first copy of that work called, in 1875, "The Upper Ten Thousand"—if, that is to say, anyone is lucky enough to possess a complete series. The book then gave a list of the names of Members of Parliament under the names of their constituencies; now it gives the same information, but it also gives a special list of all their names in alphabetical order with their constituencies, addresses, and telephone numbers. And it is almost unnecessary to record, "Kelly's" contains so much more than all this, and is the most complete and concise book of reference of its kind published anywhere in the world.

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The German Golf Association makes a very practical suggestion, i.e. that in 1933 the whole of the German Golf Championship will take place in one week's time on the new links at Bad Ems. Both players and spectators will be very glad of this as it will save much time, journeys, cost of hotels, etc. The management of the golf links is also very pleased with this decision and has carried out many interesting improvements including the lengthening of the links to 6,200 metres. Nothing has been neglected to meet every modern requirement. The Bad Ems Golf Course is one of the best in Europe. Players in the last golf championship at Bad Ems were so pleased with the links that one can be assured of the tournament being a success next year. The Bad Ems programme for 1933 is as follows: August 12-13, tenth German Open Golf Championship, August 14, mixed foursomes (pro. and lady), August 15, ladies versus gentlemen, August 16-18, Ladies' Championship, August 17-20, Gentlemen's Championship.

* * * *

The new motor ship, *Augustus*, one of the largest vessels to circumnavigate the globe, will start on her world cruise from New York on January 14. Designed for the tropics, this great ship is now regarded as one of the aristocrats of the southern route to Europe. With a gross tonnage of 33,000, the *Augustus* is 709 ft. long, 83 ft. wide, and 97' 8 ft. from keel to bridge. She

Notes from Here and There

"Kelly's Handbook, 1933," has made its welcome and annual appearance, and as ever is a guide and friend of a past. Fifty-nine years is not a very long time in the history of a country, yet more change has probably occurred in that number of years than at any other period in the history of the world; for instance, telephones, electric light, tubes, motor cars, wireless, gramophones, aeroplanes, and paper sovereigns were all undreamt of when our fathers were young men. These reflections must be forced on anyone who compares the newest

is big enough to be steady on any ocean, but not too big to call at Bali and other out-of-the-way ports. A tiled swimming pool, sports arena free from soot and smoke, and canvas-covered observation bridge, and her spacious Marine View Salon on the promenade deck high above water level, are some of the many amenities. Particulars of this unusual cruise can be obtained from the Italian Line, 32, Haymarket, S.W.1.

* * * *

It has been stated that the principal gramophone companies sell more records during December than in any other three months of the year put together. This fact is not difficult to believe when one considers that in the "His Master's Voice" list for this month there are over one hundred new records, all of outstanding excellence. Naturally, the most outstanding records—in fact the most remarkable recording achievement in the history of the gramophone—is the electrical process, "Vesti la Giubba" and "M'Appari" by Enrico Caruso. On a new 12-in. disc are combined the voice of the world's greatest tenor as it was in his prime in the early part of this century, with a new orchestral accompaniment played during this year. Among the orchestral works issued by "His Master's Voice" this month is a magnificent performance by the Philadelphia

Symphony Orchestra of Tchaikovsky's Overture, "1812," and the same composer's first Concerto played by Rubenstein and the London Symphony Orchestra. The excellent reproduction of the organ in the recording by the London Symphony Orchestra and Herbert Dawson of Handel's charming Nos. 7 and 13 Concertos is particularly pleasing.

The same orchestra has also made a record of a selection from *The Black Domino*. Europe's greatest light orchestra, directed by Marek Weber, provides us this month with a good memory test of Liszt's airs entitled "An Evening with Liszt," in which his most favourite tunes are entrancingly woven together. As a contrast two dainty pieces, "Moontime" and "Les Sylphides," are recorded by the popular orchestra of the London Palladium. The remaining record made by H.M.V. at the National Band Festival at the Crystal Palace this year now makes its appearance; it comprises two well-known marches, the "Death of Glory" and "Mandora." It is interesting to compare this record made in public with the new performance by the Coldstream Guards of the special arrangement of *Ruddigore* which was made in the H.M.V. studios. The record that is probably the best value for money is a medley by Harry Lauder, singing thirteen of his own songs on one record, including such old favourites as "I Love a Lassie," "Wee Deoch and Doris," and "Keep Right on to the End of the Road." Other medley records for the older generation are a collection of ten old songs by the Westminster Ballad Singers entitled "Old Song Memories," in which such popular songs as "Soldiers in the Park," "Floral Dance," and "Glorious Devon" are rousing rendered and will bring back memories to most of us. Another combined vocal and orchestral collection is "Old Timers' Medley," by the New Mayfair Orchestra, and a brilliant but unnamed vocalist, in which the tunes are of a more music-hall flavour, including "Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey," "Goodbye, Dolly Gray," etc.



Eric Gray

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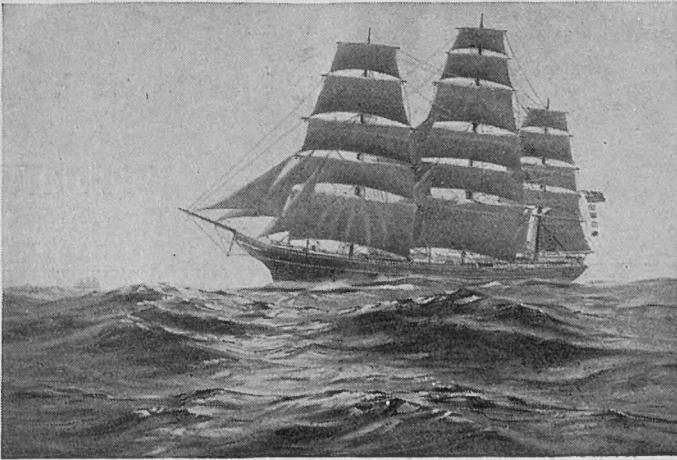
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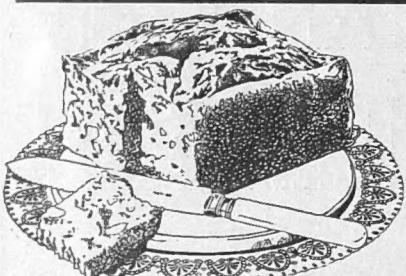
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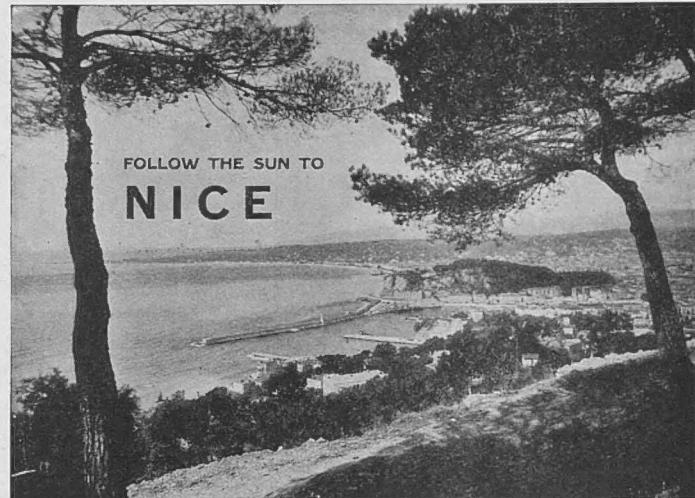
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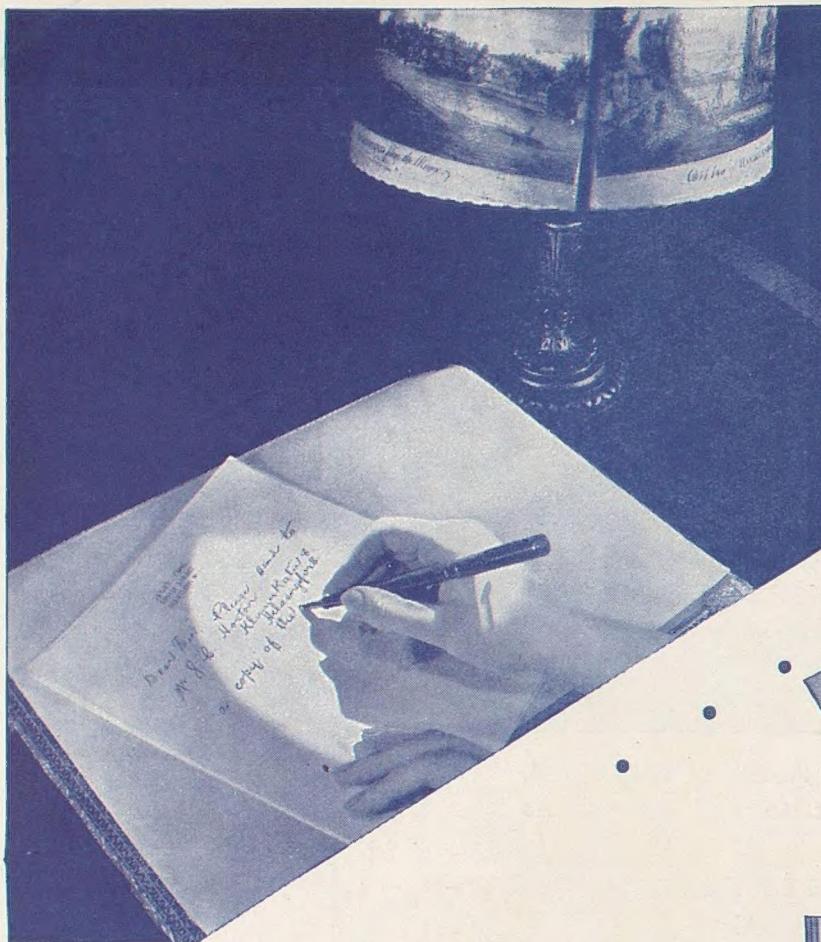
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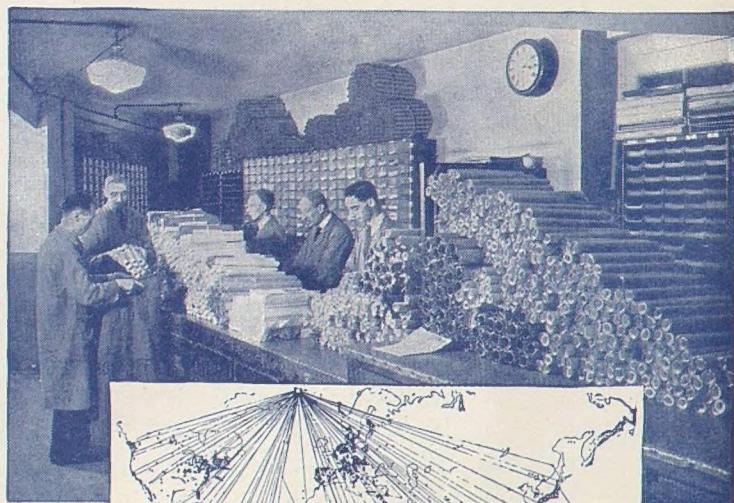
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